

No. 19

JAN.
10c

AMAZING-MAN COMICS

AMAZING MAN

with his
ABLE ASSISTANT
ZONA
WRECKS VENGEANCE
on the UNDERWORLD

IRON SKULL

ACTS AS A
HUMAN TORPEDO
TO SINK
AN ENEMY BOAT

MINIMIDGET

NO LARGER THAN
YOUR HAND
HAS A WILD RIDE
ON A
CARRIER PIGEON

MIGHTY MAN

OUTWITS
A WITCH

THE SHARK

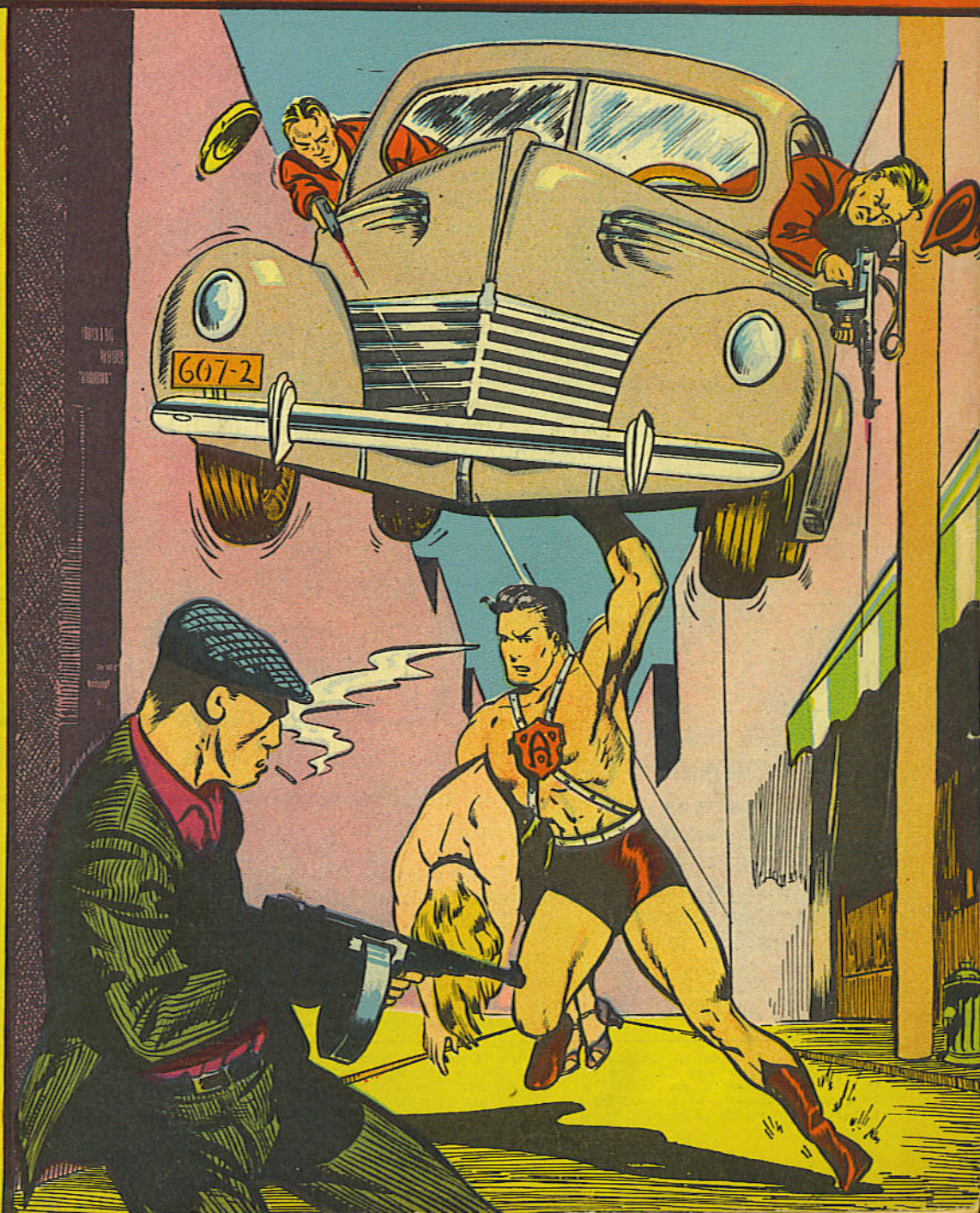
COMPETES WITH
FATHER NEPTUNE
IN SOLVING A
MYSTERIOUS CRIME

and Your Other Favorites

DR. HYPNO

ROCKE WAYBURN

REEF KINCAID

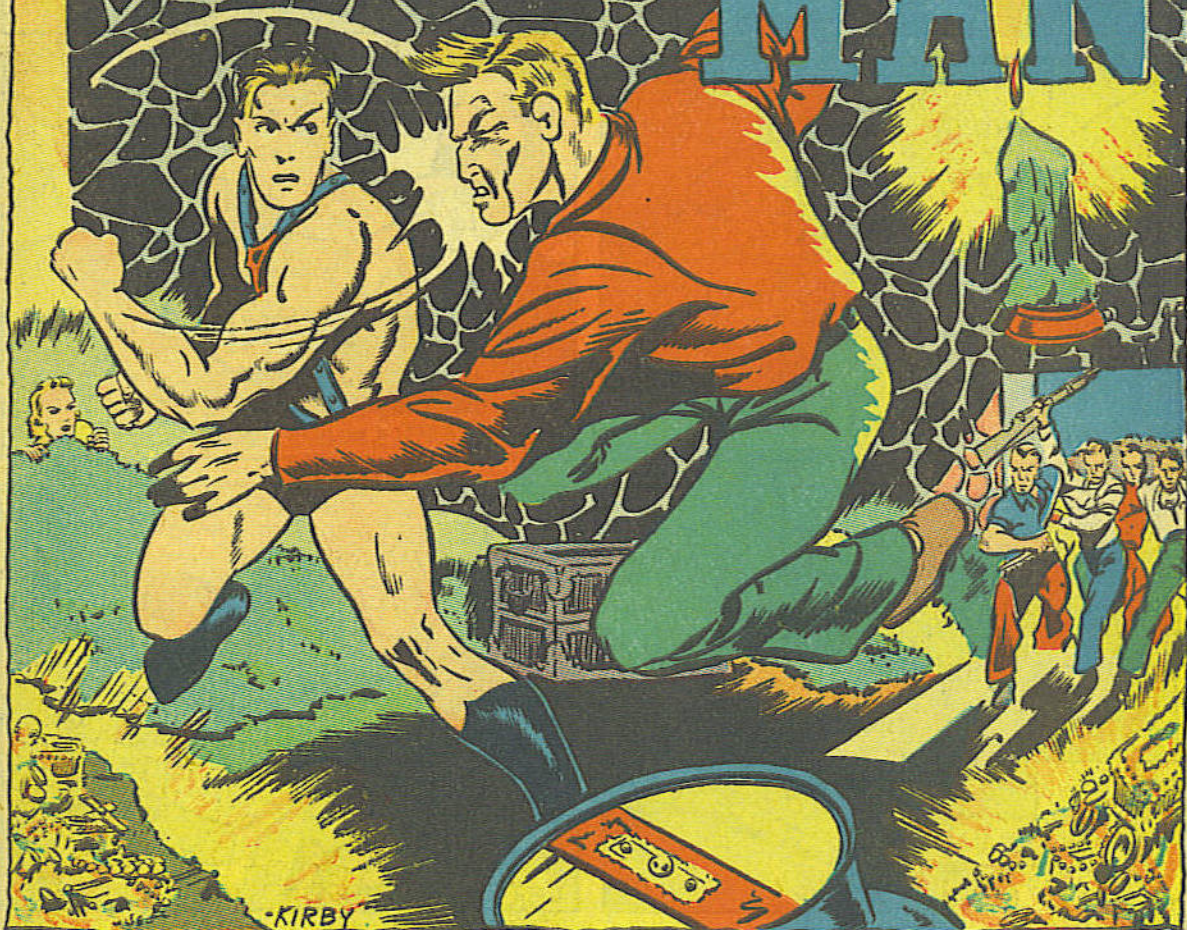




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"AMAN"
THE

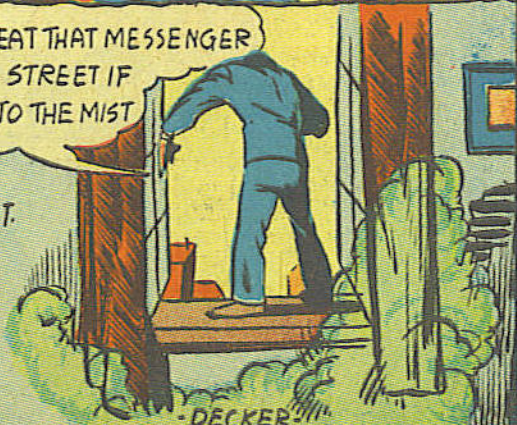
AMAZING MAN



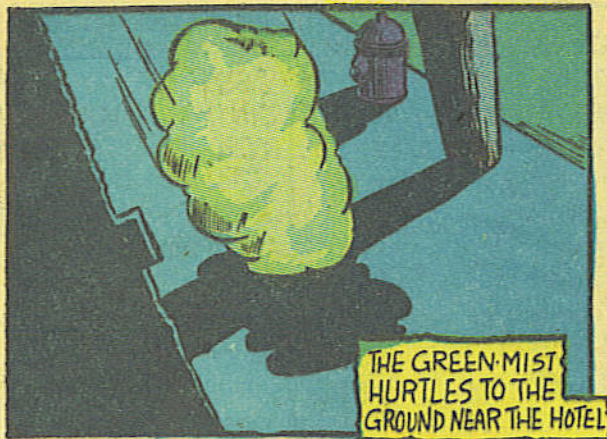
KIRBY

JOHN AMAN, KNOWN ALSO AS "THE AMAZING MAN," FIGHTS CRIME IN ALL ITS FORMS. CRIMINALS FEAR HIM MOST BECAUSE OF HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH AND THE ABILITY TO DISAPPEAR IN A GREEN MIST. FIGHTING WITH HIM IS ZONA HENDERSON, HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT. HIS ARCH-ENEMY IS THE MYSTERIOUS "GREAT QUESTION." WE NOW FIND AMAN IN HIS HOTEL ROOM - HE HAS JUST RECEIVED A PACKAGE... IT WAS A BOMB!! LUCKILY HE WASN'T HURT - AMAN GOES AFTER THE MESSENGER WHO BROUGHT HIM THE BOMB

I CAN BEAT THAT MESSENGER
TO THE STREET IF
I GO INTO THE MIST



DECKER

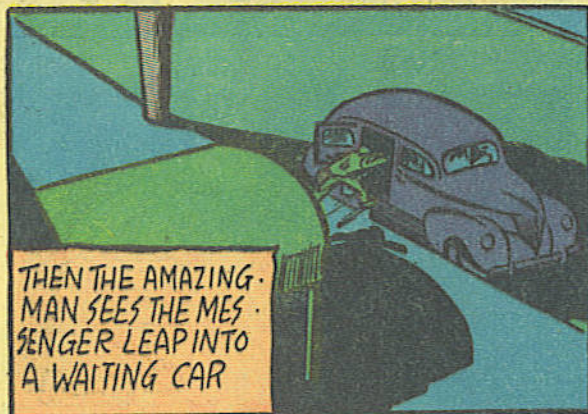


THE GREEN MIST
HURTLES TO THE
GROUND NEAR THE HOTEL

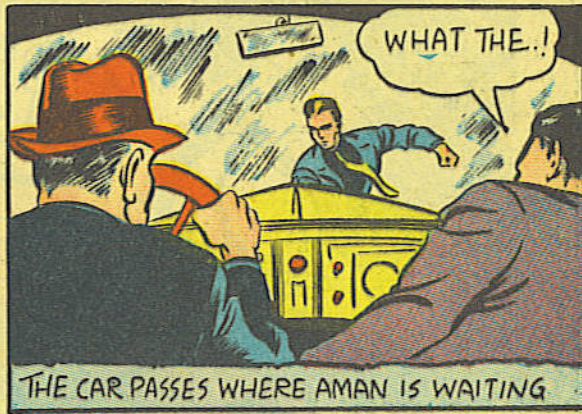


HE SHOULD BE
SHOWING UP ANY
MINUTE NOW!

AMAN COMES
OUT OF THE
MIST!

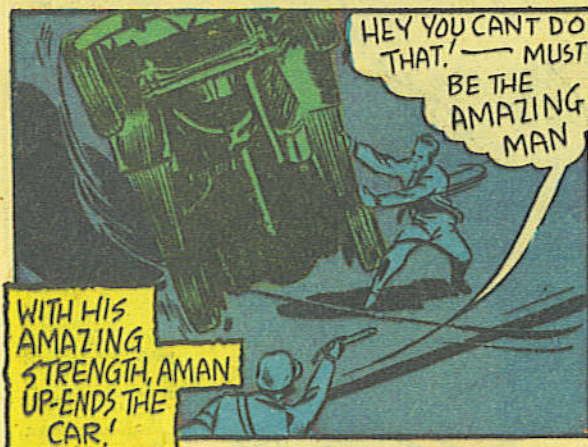


THEN THE AMAZING
MAN SEES THE MES-
SENGER LEAP INTO
A WAITING CAR



WHAT THE..!

THE CAR PASSES WHERE AMAN IS WAITING



HEY YOU CANT DO
THAT! — MUST
BE THE
AMAZING
MAN

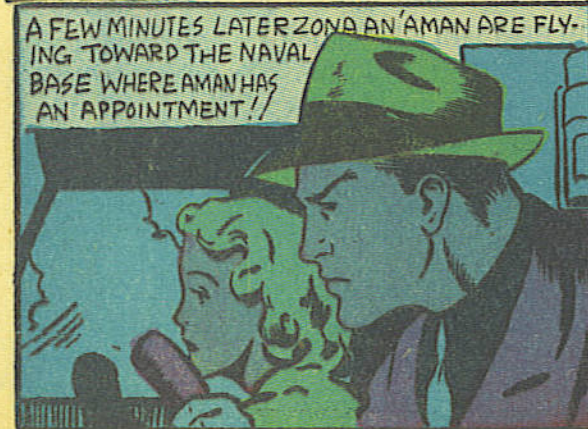
WITH HIS
AMAZING
STRENGTH, AMAN
UP-ENDS THE
CAR!



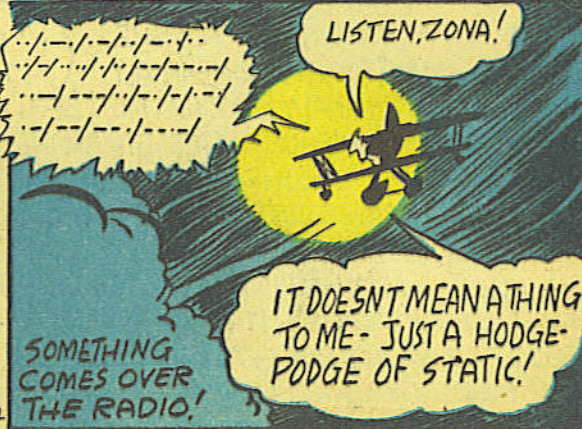
I SLUGGED DE REGULAR MES-
SENGER TO GIT TO 'YA WID THAT
BOMB! THAT'S ALL
I'M TELLIN'!

HOLD EM HERE
IVE GOTTA GO!

AT THE
POLICE
STATION
LATER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER ZONA AN AMAN ARE FLY-
ING TOWARD THE NAVAL
BASE WHERE AMAN HAS
AN APPOINTMENT!!



LISTEN, ZONA!

SOMETHING
COMES OVER
THE RADIO!

IT DOESNT MEAN ATHING
TO ME - JUST A HODGE-
PODGE OF STATIC!

TAKE THE CONTROLS, THAT'S ONE OF THE GREAT QUESTIONS' CODES AND IM GOING TO DECIPHER IT!

GREAT GUNS, ZONA! ITS THE QUESTIONS INSTRUCTIONS TO RAID A SHIP THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE! KEEP YOUR COMPASS TWO POINTS SOUTH OF SOUTHEAST AN' GIVE ER THE GUN!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER MESSAGE COMES THROUGH

STEAMER QUONTRA SPEAKING, WEVE BEEN ORDERED TO HEAVE ANCHOR UNABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT NATIONALITY SHIP HAS HAILED US!

MORE SPEED ZONA!

YOU HEAD BACK FOR LAND AN I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP THE QUONTRA! THERE MAY BE TIME YET!

O.K. AMAN (HOPE I CAN MAKE IT!)

GUESS ID BETTER BE READY FOR ANYTHING!

HEADED FOR THE RAIDED SHIP! THE MAN IN THE GREEN MIST STRIPS FOR ACTION!!

ARRIVING AT THE SCENE, AMAN GLANCED BELOW, SAW TWO SHIPS HOVE TO!

QUIET - FRANKIE'S GOING TO SPEAK!

JEST DO LIKE WE TELL YA, TILL WE GET YER SAFE UNLOADED, THEN MAYBE WELL LET YOU SAIL ON YOUR WAY!

TERROR REIGNS ABOARD THE SHIP!

THEN A GREEN HURRICANE HITS THE DECK

THE GREEN MIST !!! WISH I WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE!

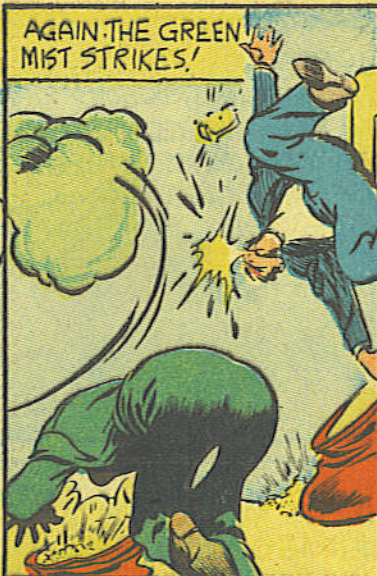
MEANWHILE, BELOW DECKS...

LOOKS LIKE A FAIR HAUL,
MAYBE A COUPLE HUNDRED
THOUSAND WORTH ANYHOW!

YOU'LL HANG
FOR THIS!



AGAIN THE GREEN
MIST STRIKES!



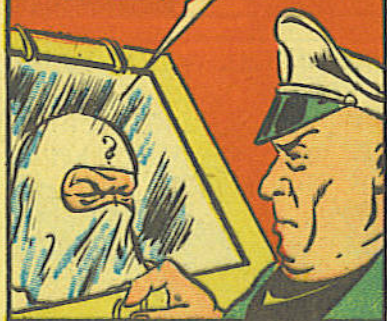
BUT ABOARD THE RAIDER SHIP...

SOMETHING'S WRONG OVER ON
THE QUOINTRA! I CAN FEEL IT!

I'LL TURN ON THE TEL-SET
AN' GIT IN TOUCH WITH THE
"GREAT QUESTION," HE'LL KNOW
WHAT'S
UP!



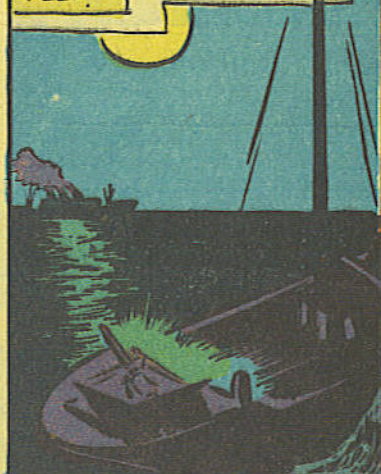
YOUR COMRADES ARE CAPTURED!
FIRE ON THAT VESSEL AN' SINK
IT! SOME OF THEM MIGHT
GIVE OUR SECRETS AWAY, SO
THEY MUST ALL DIE!!
QUICKLY!!



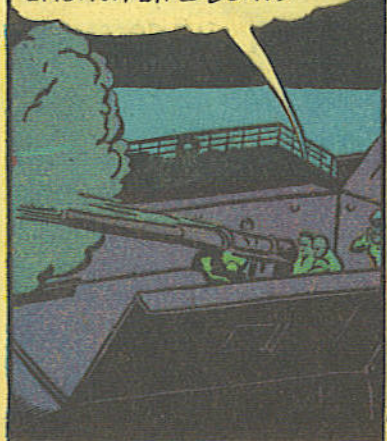
MAN THE GUNS!! STEAM
UP AN' PULL OVER TOWARD
THE QUOINTRA!
WE'LL FIRE INTO
HER POINT
BLANK!



THE PIRATES PREPARE
FOR THEIR MURDEROUS
DEED!



SWEEP THEIR DECK WITH A
COUPLE OF SHOTS FIRST SO
THEY'LL BE TOO EXCITED TO
LAUNCH LIFE BOATS!

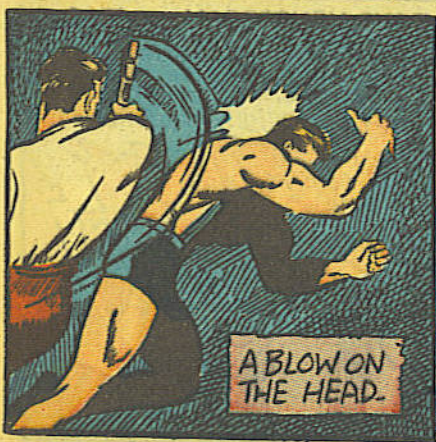
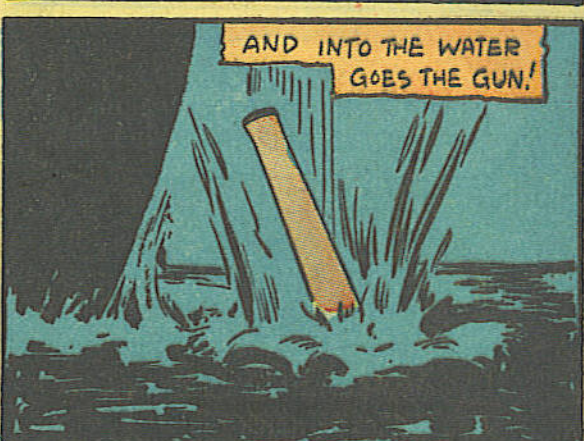
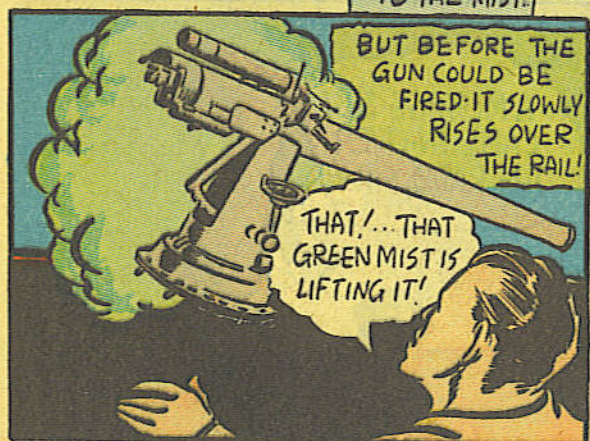
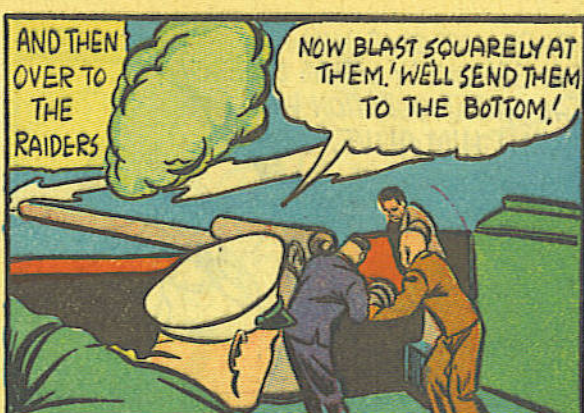
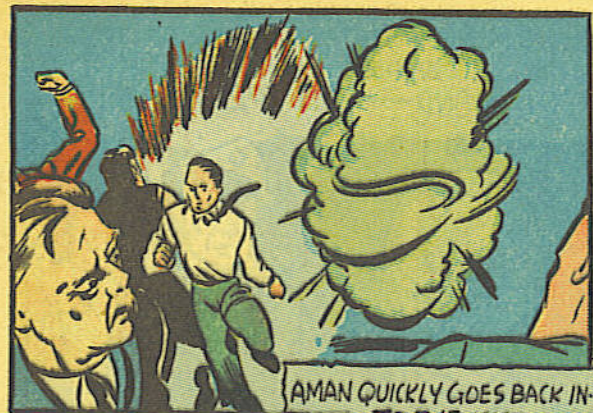


ABOARD THE QUOINTRA A MAN COMES
OUT OF THE GREEN MIST, ON DECK

IT'S THE AMAZING-MAN-NOW
WE'LL PUT THESE
DEVILS IN IRONS
AND PROCEED
ON OUR WAY!!



SUDDENLY A SHELL STRIKES
THE AFT DECK, KILLING A
SEAMAN OF THE QUOINTRA!



I DARE NOT GIVE HIM A DANGEROUSLY LARGE DOSE AS THE GREAT QUESTION WILL WANT HIM ALIVE!

THE SLEEPING DRUG

O.K. DOC! EVANS! YOU AND FRANK TAKE HIM BELOW, AN' WE'LL HEAD FOR THE HIDE-OUT ISLAND----- FULL SPEED AHEAD!

YES'R

THOSE CAPTIVE RAIDERS IN OUR BRIG WON'T TALK, AND THE RAIDING SHIP HAS DISAPPEARED

AS DAWN BREAKS, THE OFFICERS OF THE QUINTRA KEEP A LOOKOUT!

A MESSAGE JUST CAME IN OVER THE RADIO, SIR!!

OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE QUINTRA- AM RADIOING FROM PLANE. HAVE FOLLOWED THE SHIP THAT RAIDED YOU!! IS JOHN AMAN ABOARD?

THE MESSAGE

ZONA HENDERSON

SHE'S THE AMAZING-MAN'S ASSISTANT RADIO HER THAT AMAN WENT ABOARD THE RAIDER!

FLYING HIGH, ZONA IS FOLLOWING THE FLEEING RAIDERS!

CALLING ZONA HENDERSON....
JOHN AMAN ABOARD THE RAIDER! WE KNOW NOTHING MORE ABOUT HIM!
QUINTRA SPEAKING

THAT MEANS AMAN IS CAPTURED!
I'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THE RAIDER TO ITS BASE AND HELP HIM!

AFTER NIGHT FALL THE RAIDER PUTS IN AT
A LITTLE KNOWN ISLAND IN THE MARTIQUE
GROUP

LIVELY THERE
NOW, LADS, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE
GREEN MIST ABOARD A PLANE!

AN' BELOW
DECKAMAN
HAS REGAIN-
ED CONSCIOUS-
NESS! I'LL ACT
AS IF IM STILL UN-
CONSCIOUS! THIS IS MY
CHANCE TO FIND OUT
WHERE THIS RAIDER
HAS ITS BASE!

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN
A BIG SHOT
ONCE, BUT HE
IS OUR MEAT
NOW!

OPEN THE DOOR AND WE'LL GET HIM
ABOARD

I'D HATE TO BE IN THIS GUY'S
SHOES WHEN THE GREAT-
QU HUH!

AMAN GOES INTO
THE MIST-----

HEY, THE GUY'S
GONE----

THERE THEY GO, LOOKING
FOR ME, AND WHILE THEY
ARE DOING IT, I'LL TAKE
A LOOK AROUND MYSELF!

IT SURE IS LONESOME
HERE ON THIS ISLAND!

YEAH!

1 MEANWHILE, AT THE OTHER END
OF THE ISLAND

THAT QUESTIONGUY IS SMART! HE'S GOT MILLIONS IN GOLD AN' DIAMONDS IN HIS VAULT HERE ON THE ISLAND, AND MORE COMING IN EVERY DAY!

YEAH, HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

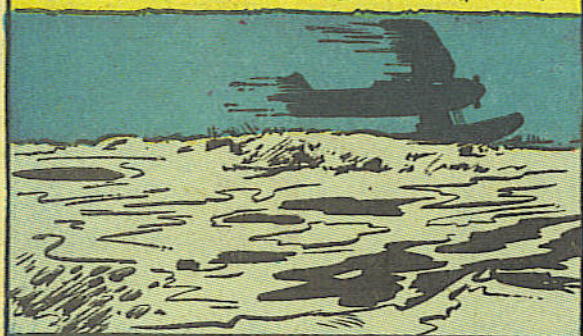


IT'S A PLANE, AND ALL OUR PLANES ARE IN! THAT MUST BE A SPY OR SOMETHING

LET'S GET READY TO CATCH THEM



ZONA HAS LOCATED THE HIDEOUT AND IS BENT ON RESCUING THE AMAZING-MAN!



IF AMAN'S ON THIS ISLAND I'LL FIND HIM OR GET KILLED TRYING! HE'S SAVED MY LIFE MORE THAN ONCE!!!



YOU'VE DONE YOUR LAST PROWLING AROUND HERE! WHOEVER YOU ARE!



OH HO, IT'S A GAL!

YEAH, THAT'S SWELL, COME ON AN' TALK, BABY, WHO ARE YOU?



JUST A GIRL FLYER OUT OF GAS!

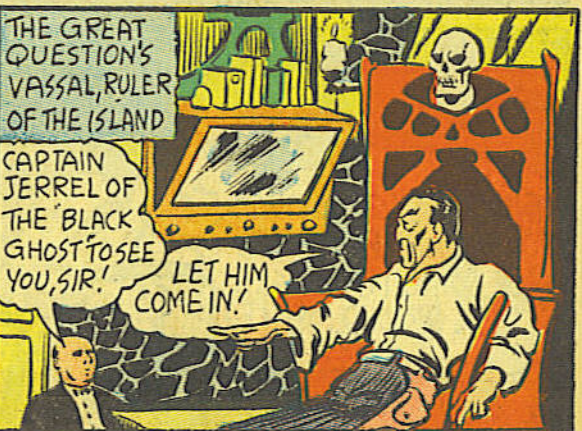
YEAH, WELL I DIDN'T HEAR YOUR MÖTER MISSING! COME WITH US!



THE GREAT QUESTION'S VASSAL, RULER OF THE ISLAND

CAPTAIN JERREL OF THE 'BLACK GHOST' TO SEE YOU, SIR!

LET HIM COME IN!





WE HAVE CAPTURED THE AMAZING-MAN SIR! I HAVE HIM HELPLESS, READY TO SEND HIM BY PLANE TO THE GREAT QUESTION!

GOOD! I'LL TELL THE QUESTION NOW!



BASE EIGHTEEN, CALLING THE GREAT QUESTION - BASE EIGHTEEN CALLING THE GREAT QUESTION



MY MEN HAVE CAPTURED AMAN AND WE ARE SENDING HIM TO YOU ALIVE!

SPEAK, I AM LISTENING!



CAPTAIN!! SIR!! THE AMAZING MAN HAS ESCAPED!!



I HEAR, YOU STUPID, BLUNDERING FOOLS! I AM TEMPTED TO SLAY YOU BOTH!

HAVE PATIENCE, SIR, WE'LL TRY TO RECAPTURE HIM!



EVIDENTLY THIS IS BOTH AN ARMY AN' NAVY BASE, FOR THE QUESTION'S ACTIVITIES

MEANWHILE AMAN IS EXPLORING THE ISLAND



AND BACK IN THE RULER'S LAIR--- WE JUST CAPTURED THIS GIRL, SIR!

SAY! SHE'S AMAN'S ASSISTANT!



SHALL WE ADMINISTER OUR USUAL PUNISHMENT TO SPIES SIR!

NO, FOOL!

LOCK HER IN THE UNDERGROUND TREASURE VAULT, WE'LL USE HER AS BAIT FOR AMAN!

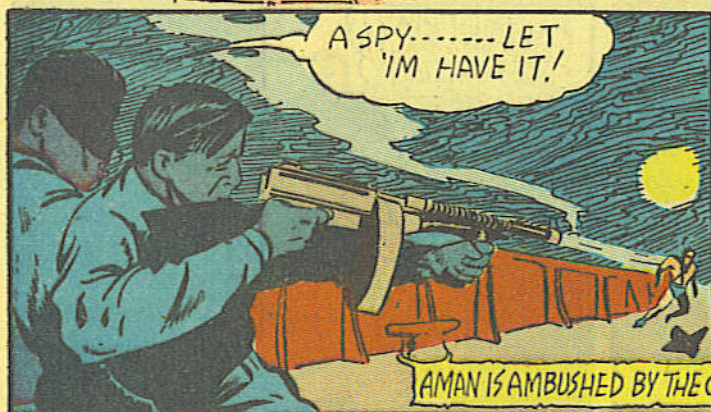


HERE YOU STAY, BABY, UNTILL WE CAN FIND OUT IF YOUR BOY FRIEND WILL TRY RESCUING YOU

THE UNDER GROUND TREASURE VAULT

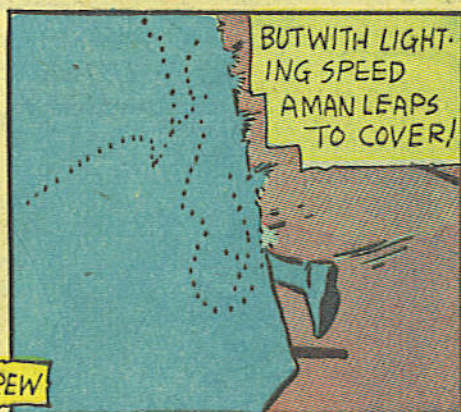


BACK TO AMAN
IF I CAN GET
TO THE CHART
ROOM OF THIS
SHIP, I CAN
LOCATE THIS ISLAND.
THEN MAYBE I CAN RADIO
THE U.S. NAVY!!

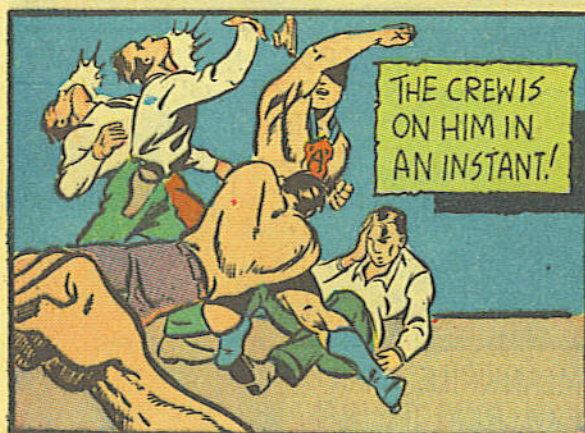


A SPY-----LET
I'M HAVE IT!

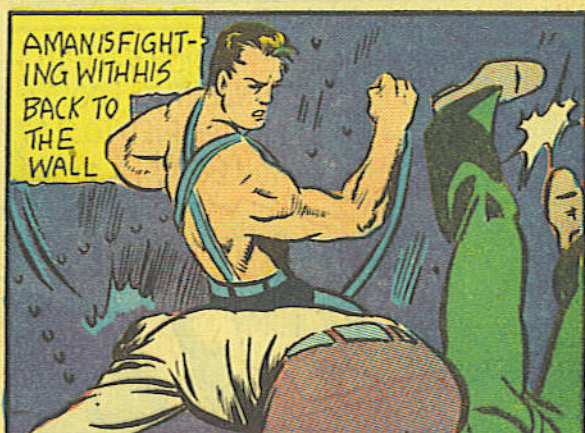
AMAN IS AMBUSHED BY THE CREW



BUT WITH LIGHT-
ING SPEED
AMAN LEAPS
TO COVER!



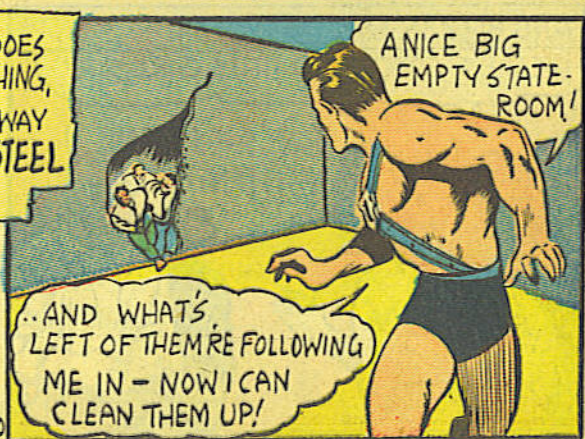
THE CREW IS
ON HIM IN
AN INSTANT!



AMAN IS FIGHT-
ING WITH HIS
BACK TO
THE WALL

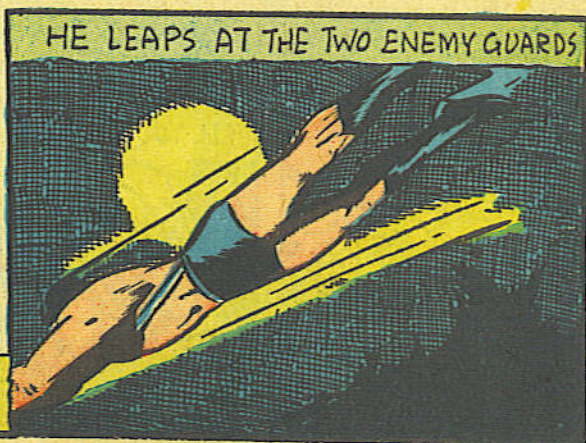
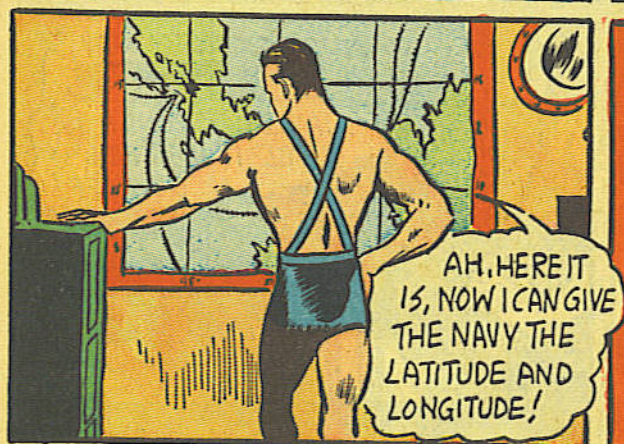
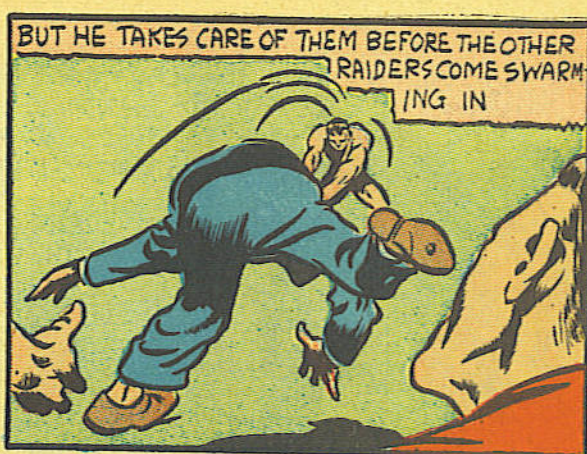


SUDDENLY HE DOES
A STRANGE THING,
HE TEARS HIS WAY
THROUGH THE STEEL
WALL!



AN ICE BIG
EMPTY STATE-
ROOM!

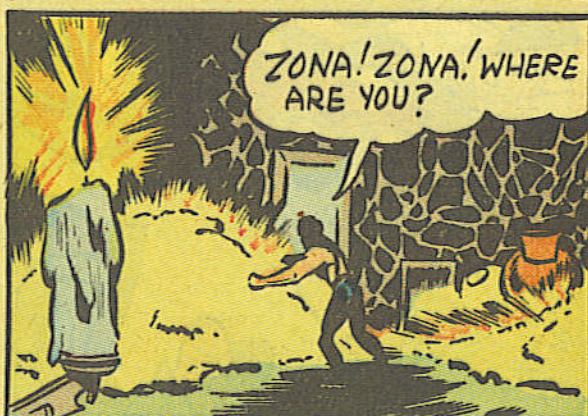
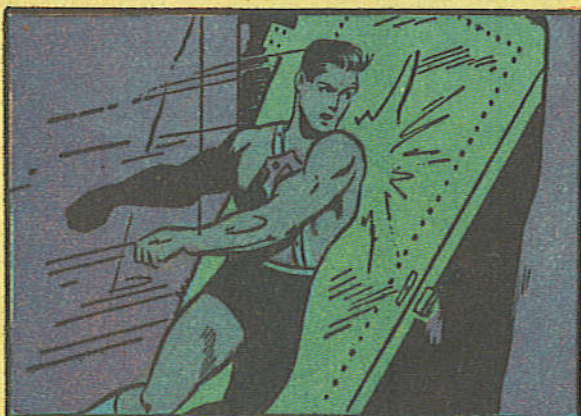
..AND WHAT'S
LEFT OF THEM'RE FOLLOWING
ME IN - NOW I CAN
CLEAN THEM UP!



QUICK! TELL ME WHERE THAT TREASURE VAULT IS IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

SURE-SURE- PAL- RIGHT BEHIND THAT STEEL DOOR, IN BACK OF ME!

KNOCKING THE GUARDS UNCONSCIOUS, AMAN RUSHES AGAINST THE DOOR



ZONA! ZONA! WHERE ARE YOU?



HERE! OH, AMAN I KNEW YOU'D COME!



SUDDENLY A GANG OF GUARDS RUSH AT AMAN!

STAY BACK ZONA! 'TIL I FINISH THESE GUYS OFF!



LATER! LAST BUT NOT LEAST!



BACK IN THE RULERS LAIR THE NAVY IS ON ITS WAY TO THE ISLAND, EMBARK ALL YOUR MEN, AND ESCAPE QUICKLY!

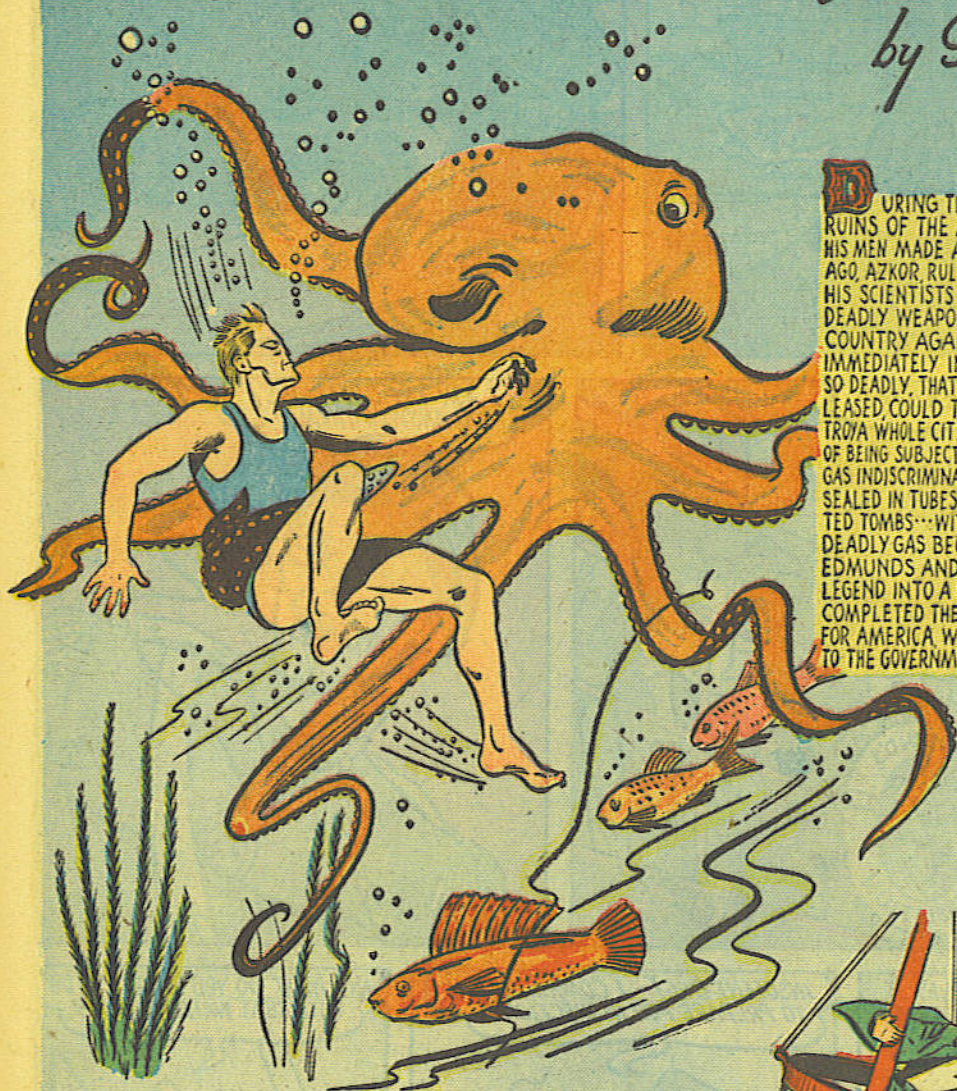


NEXT MORNING!

WELL, THE GREAT QUESTIONARY HAS FLED, BUT I'VE JUST GOT A RADIO MESSAGE THAT THE NAVY HAS CAUGHT THEM! SO THE GREAT QUESTION IS WHIPPED AGAIN! I WONDER WHAT HE WILL TRY NEXT?

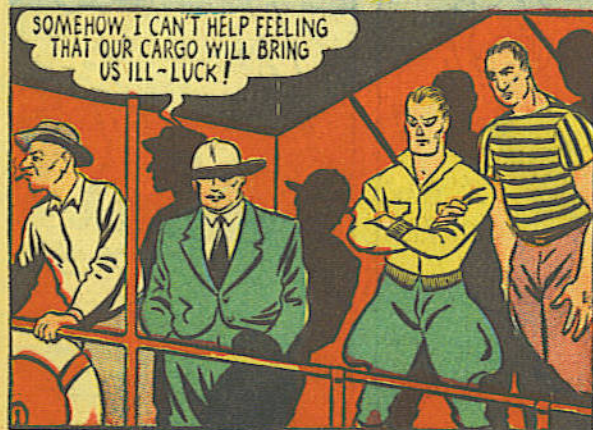
the IRON SKULL

by Sam Gilman

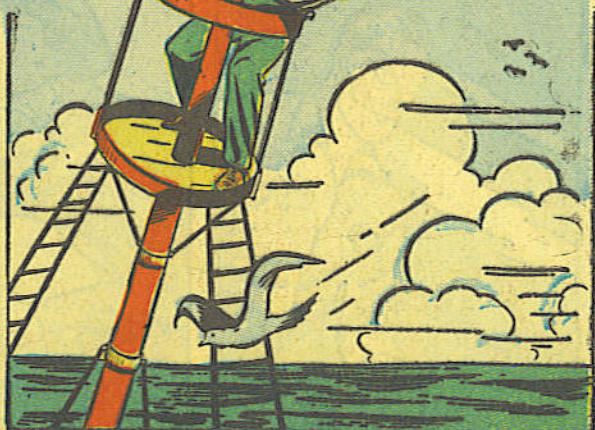


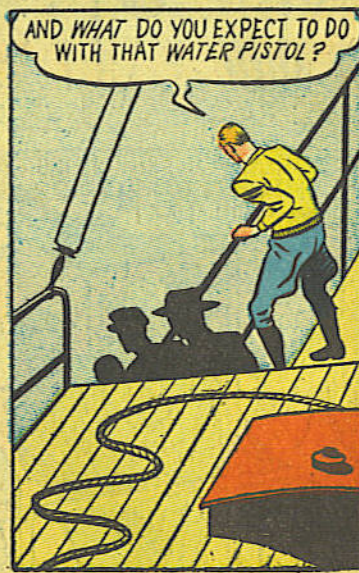
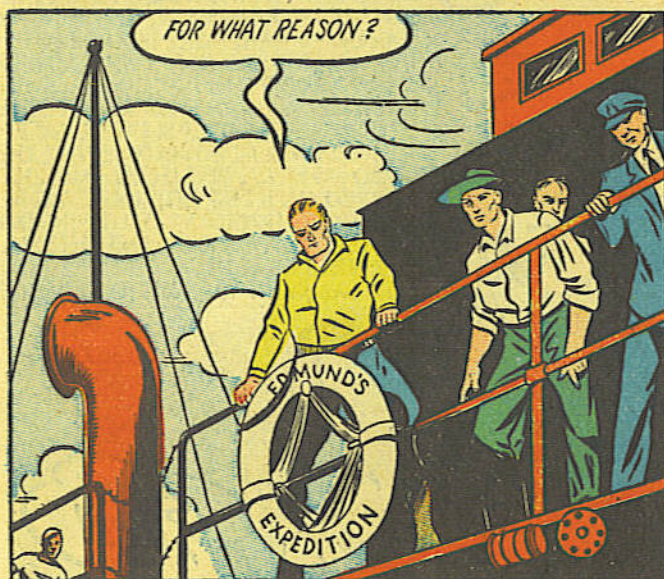
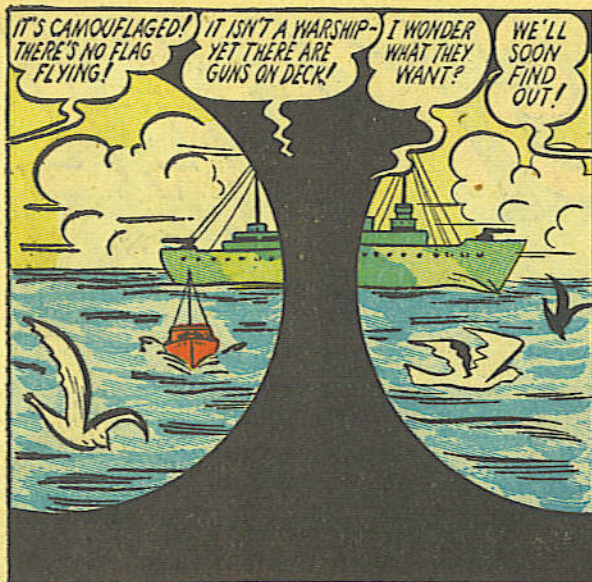
DURING THEIR SEARCH AMIDST THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THE AZTECS, PROFESSOR EDMUNDS AND HIS MEN MADE A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY—CENTURIES AGO, AZKOR, RULER OF THIS MIGHTY TRIBE, INSTRUCTED HIS SCIENTISTS TO INVENT A VERY POWERFUL AND DEADLY WEAPON, TO BE USED IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY AGAINST ALL ENEMIES—THE SCIENTISTS IMMEDIATELY INVENTED A GAS, SO POWERFUL AND SO DEADLY, THAT A THIMBLE-FUL, UPON BEING RELEASED, COULD TRAVEL FASTER THAN LIGHT AND DESTROY A WHOLE CITY—KNOWING FULL WELL THE DANGERS OF BEING SUBJECT TO THE TEMPTATIONS OF USING THE GAS INDISCRIMINATELY, AZKOR ORDERED THE GAS TO BE SEALED IN TUBES AND BURIED IN SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TOMBS—WITH THE PASSING OF THE YEARS, THE DEADLY GAS BECAME MERE LEGEND—PROFESSOR EDMUNDS AND HIS EXPEDITION HAVE TURNED THE LEGEND INTO A FRIGHTENING REALITY—HAVING COMPLETED THEIR MISSION THE PARTY SETS SAIL FOR AMERICA, WHERE THE GAS WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE GOVERNMENT TO BE USED FOR ITS DEFENSE

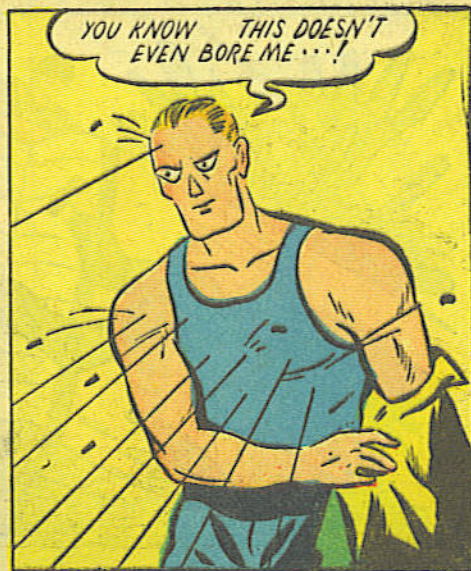
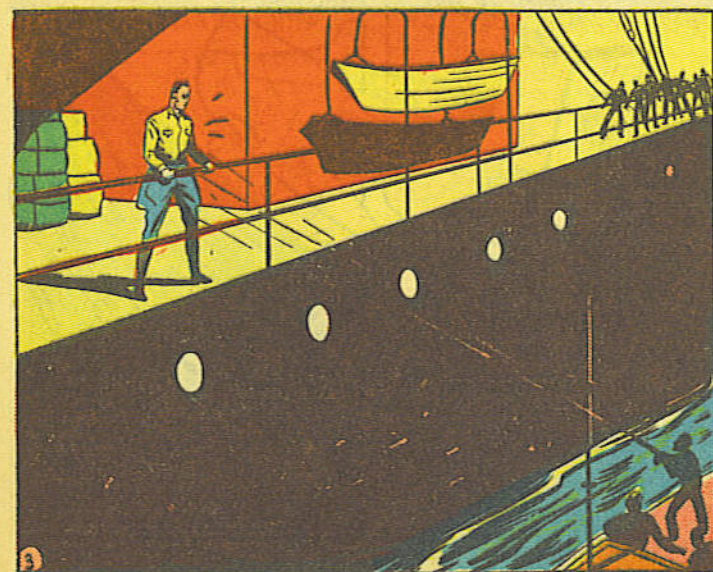
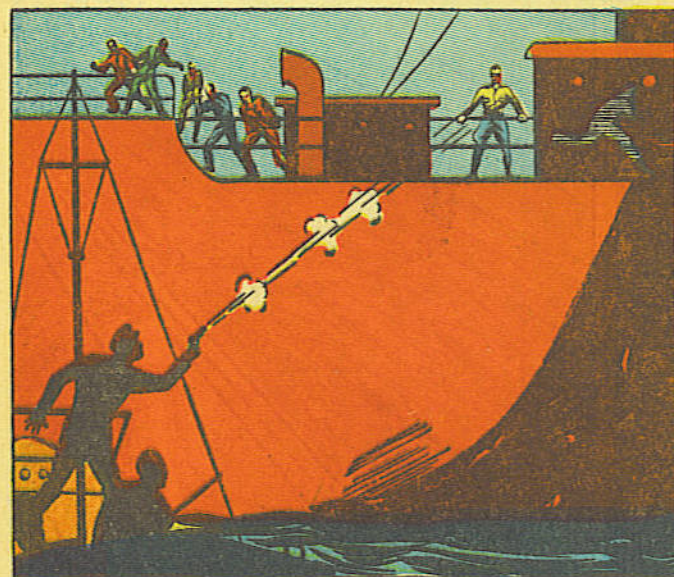
SHIP
AHoy!

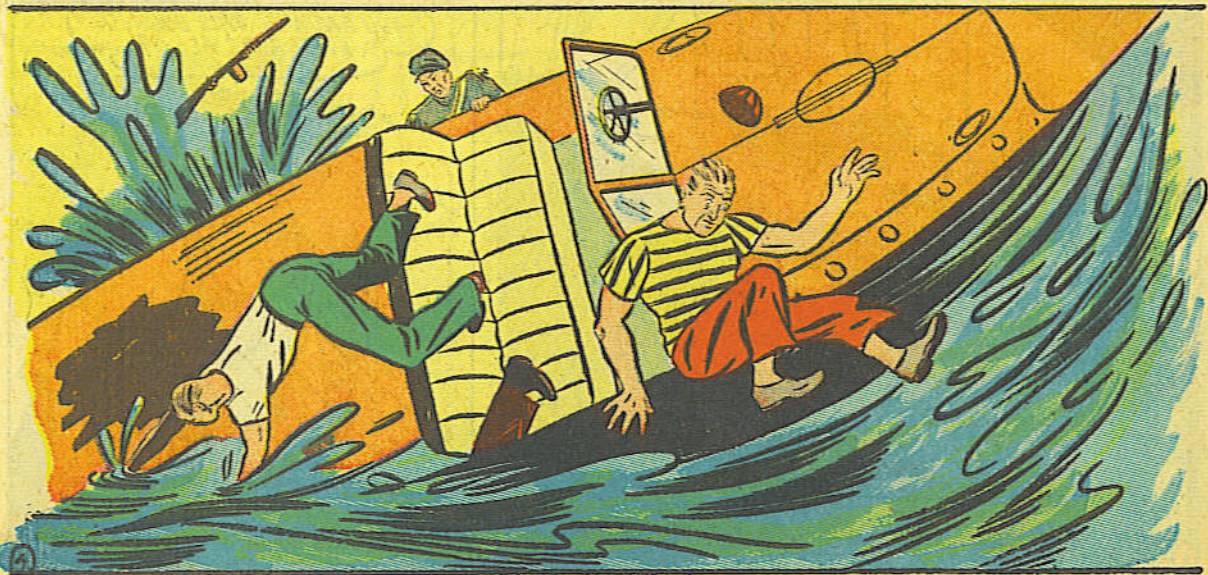
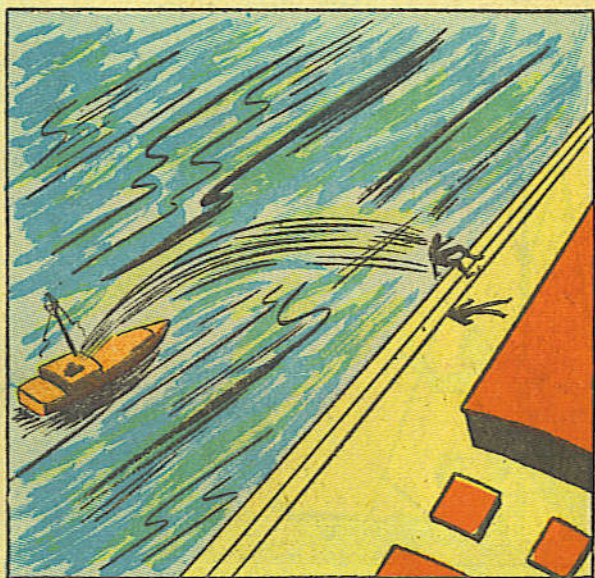
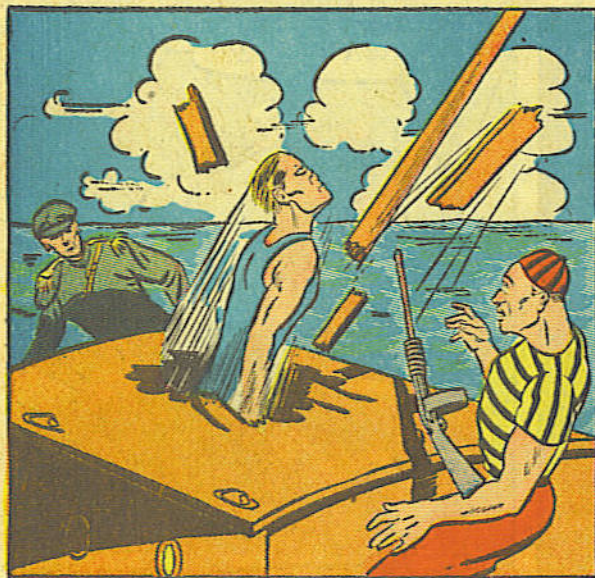
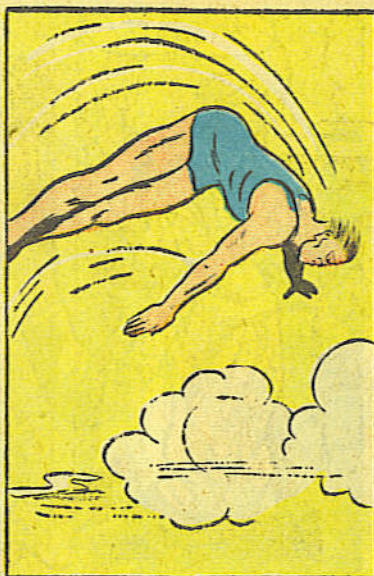
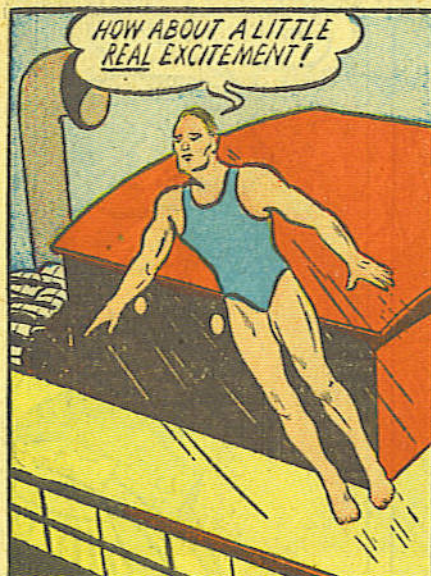


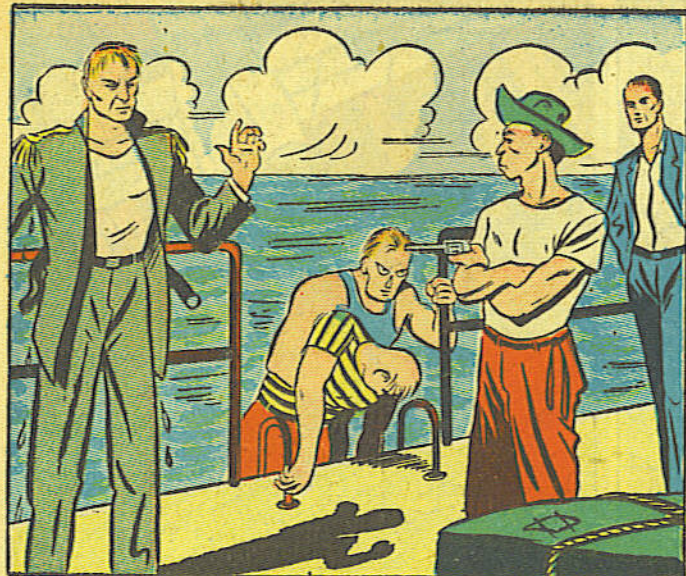
SOMEHOW, I CAN'T HELP FEELING
THAT OUR CARGO WILL BRING
US ILL-LUCK!





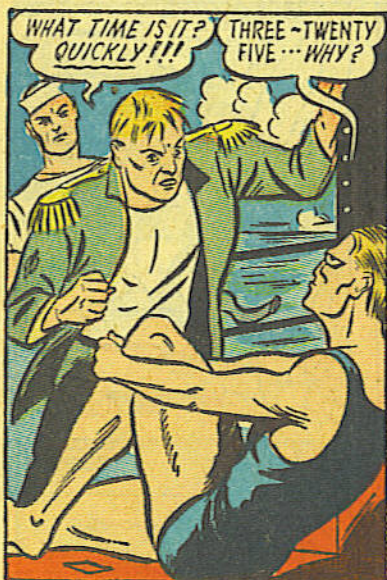






I DEMAND THAT YOU RETURN US TO OUR SHIP IMMEDIATELY!

YOU DO TOO MUCH DEMANDING!



WHAT TIME IS IT? QUICKLY!!!

THREE-TWENTY FIVE... WHY?



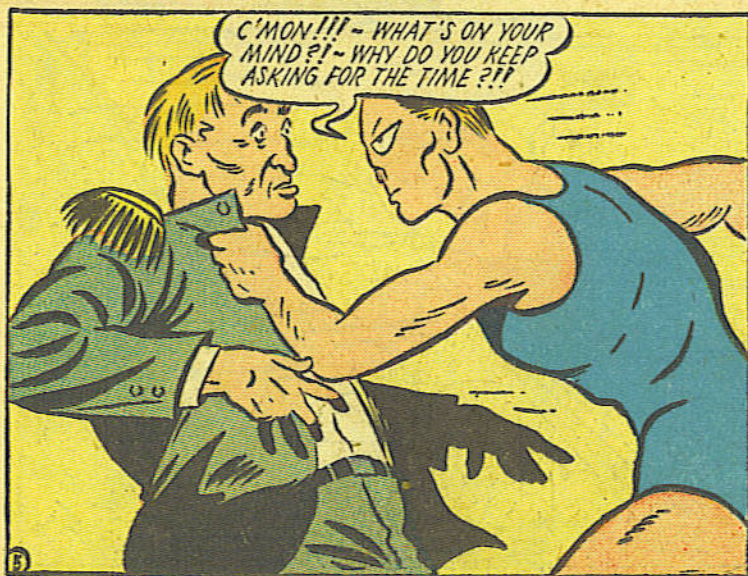
YOU'VE GOT TO RETURN US TO OUR SHIP - THIS MINUTE!

YOU SEEM VERY ANXIOUS TO GET OFF THIS SHIP - WHY?



NOTHING! - I JUST WANT TO GET BACK TO MY OWN SHIP - THAT'S ALL... WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?!

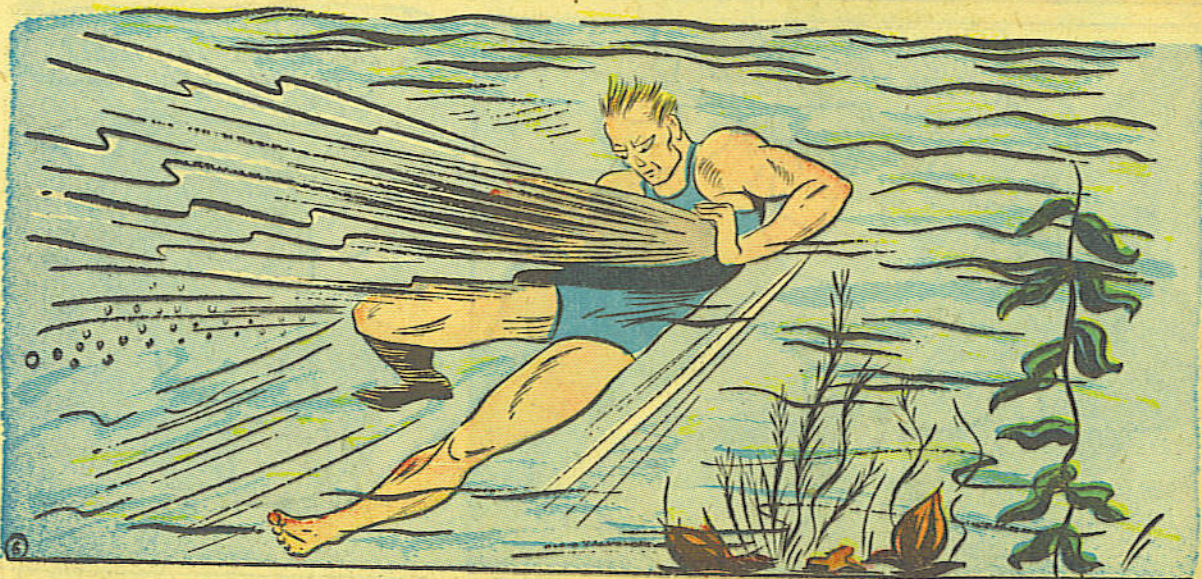
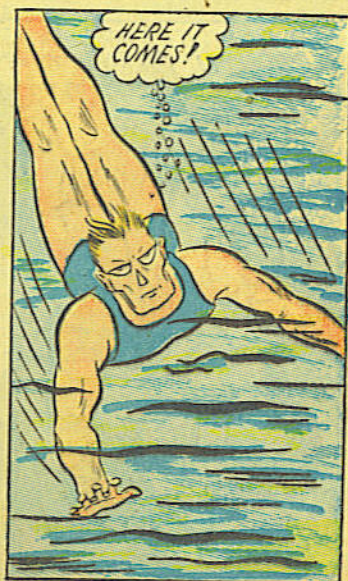
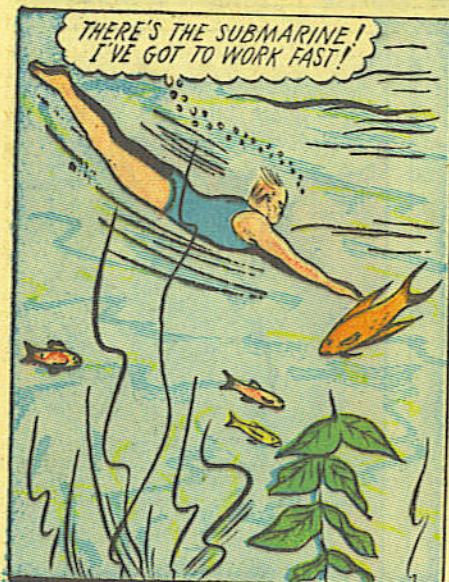
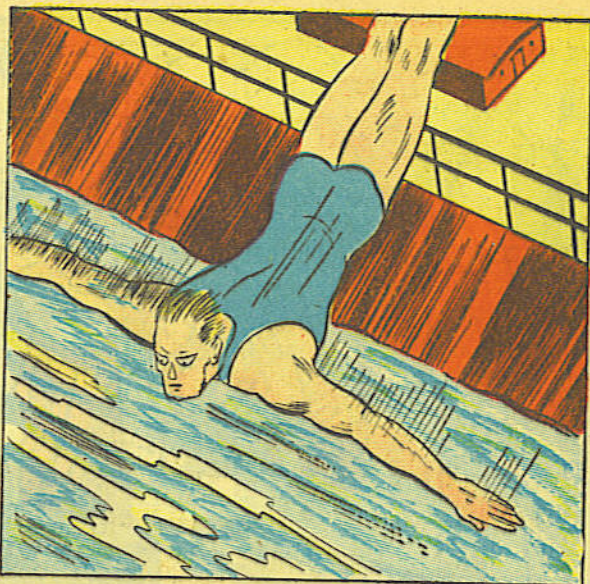
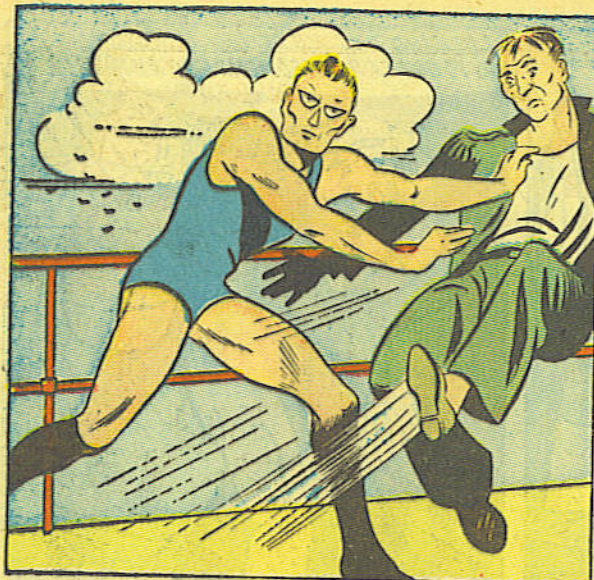
EXACTLY THREE TWENTY NINE!

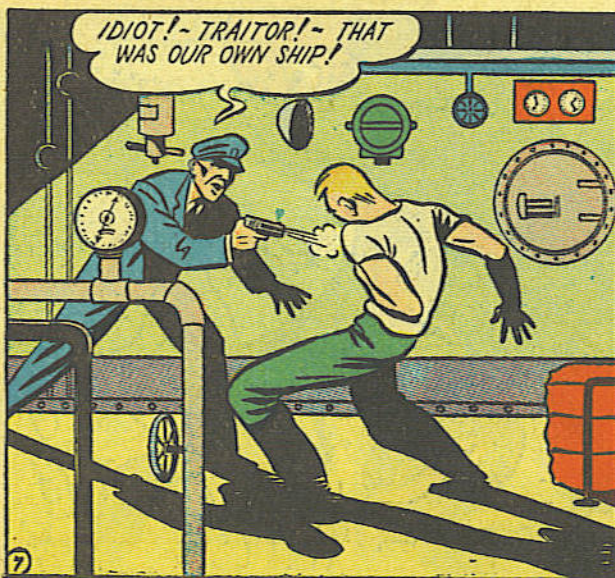


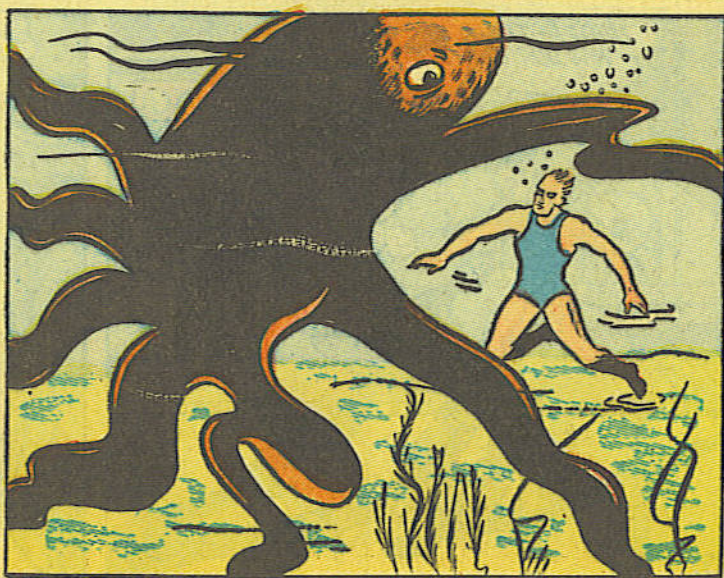
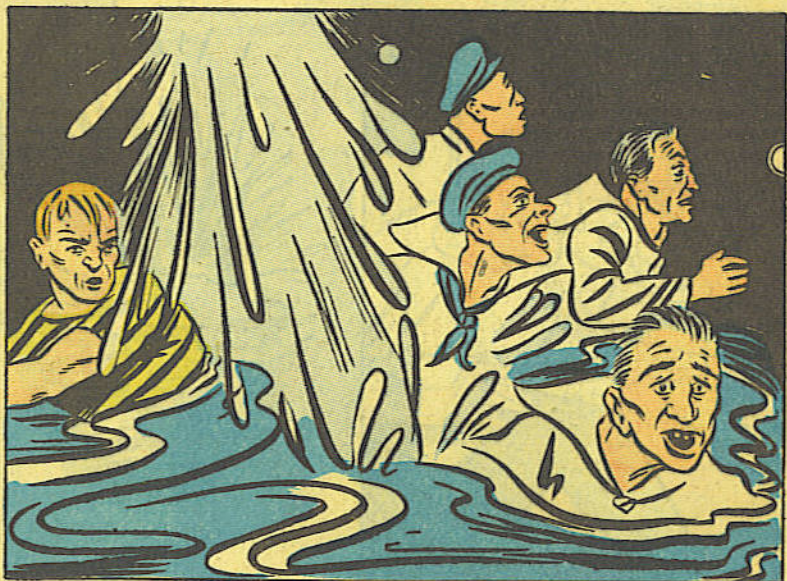
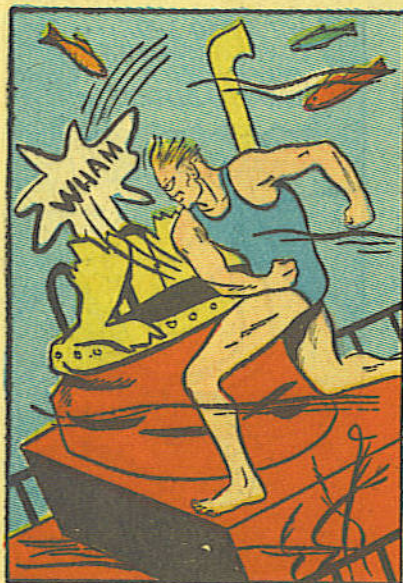
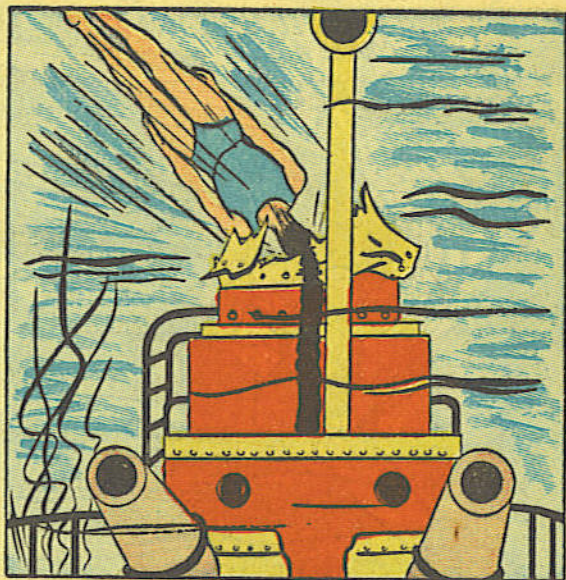
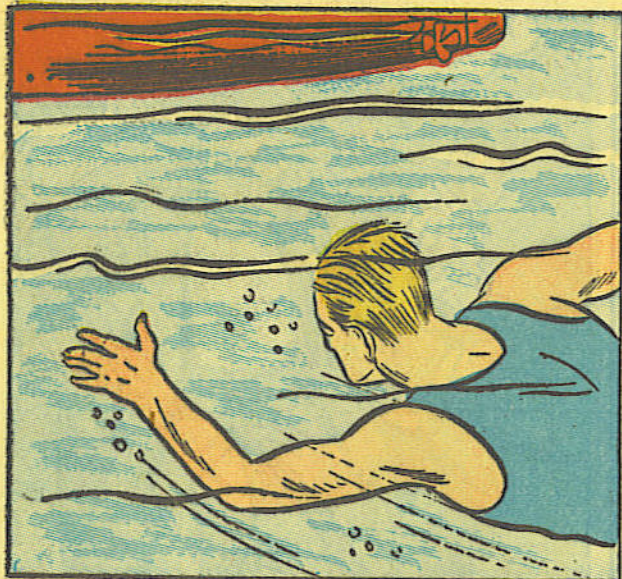
C'MON!!! - WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?! - WHY DO YOU KEEP ASKING FOR THE TIME?!

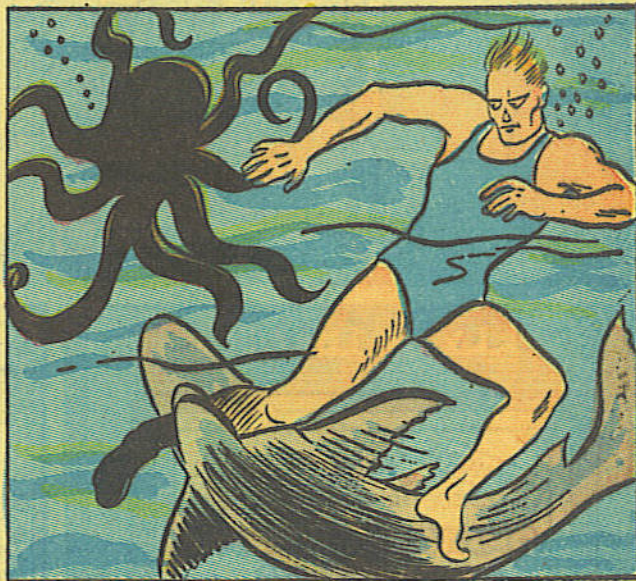
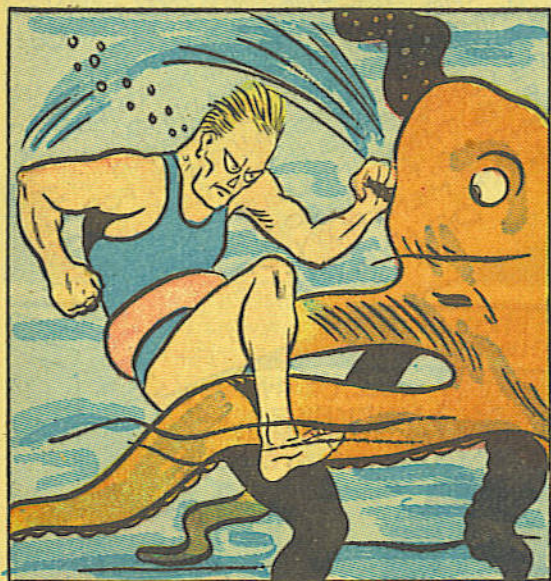
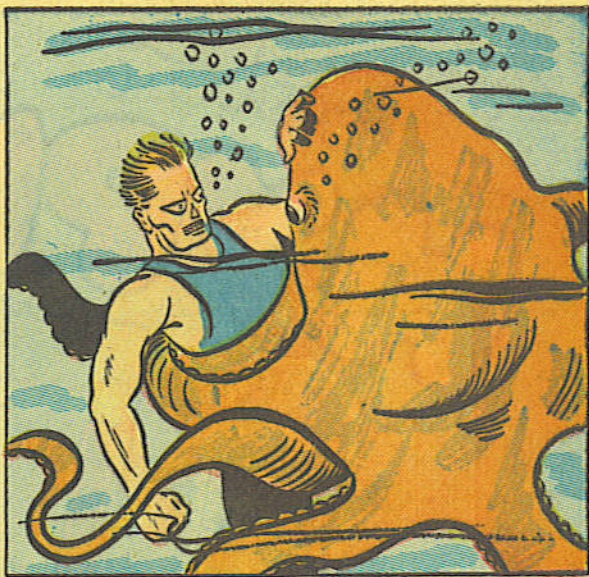
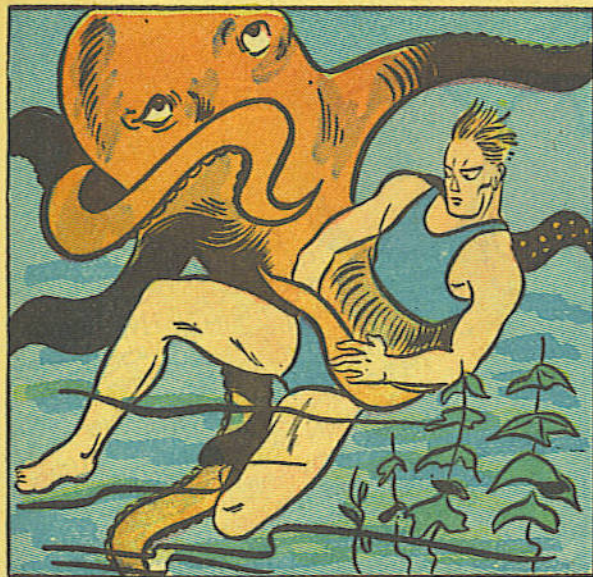
YOUR SHIP IS TO BE TORPEDGED AT EXACTLY HALF PAST THREE! WE WILL ALL BE KILLED!!!











Doctor HYPNO

by
Frank
Thomas



DR. HYPNO!—PSY-
CHOLOGIST, HYPNOTIST,
AND CRIMINOLOGIST!!
—A MAN WHOSE AMAZING KNOW-
LEDGE AND DEEDS HAVE
MADE HIM A FAMOUS FIGURE
THROUGHOUT THE NATION!!
KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW INT-
IMATES, HOWEVER, IS DR. HYPNO'S
LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN MEN-
TAL SCIENCE—**THE MENTAL TRANS-
POSITION OF ANIMALS!!**
BY HYPNOTISM, DR. HYPNO IS
ABLE TO TRANSFER HIS MENTALITY
TO THE BODY OF ANY LIVING
ANIMAL, WHILE HIS OWN BODY
LAPSES INTO A COMA!!—THUS, FOR
AS LONG AS THE HYPNOTISM
LASTS, THE ANIMAL SUBJECTED
CONTAINS, AND IS CONTROLLED
BY, THE MENTALITY OF
DR. HYPNO!

ELVIN THEATRE

TONIGHT for
Benefit of Charity
**AMATEUR PAGEANT
OF THE AGES**

WITH A CAST OF 100 OF
YOUR LEADING CITIZENS
INCLUDING—
GOV. GRAFT — SEN. FILCHIT
HON. M.I. BLUE, MAYOR
DR. HYPNO — IVAN COE

—PLUS—
1- PROFESSIONAL ACT-1
LANA AND LEO

ONLY WOMAN
LION TAMER
ON TOUR!

GEE!—I'D
SURE LIKE
TO SEE
DR. HYPNO!

—AND BACKSTAGE
AT THE ELVIN—

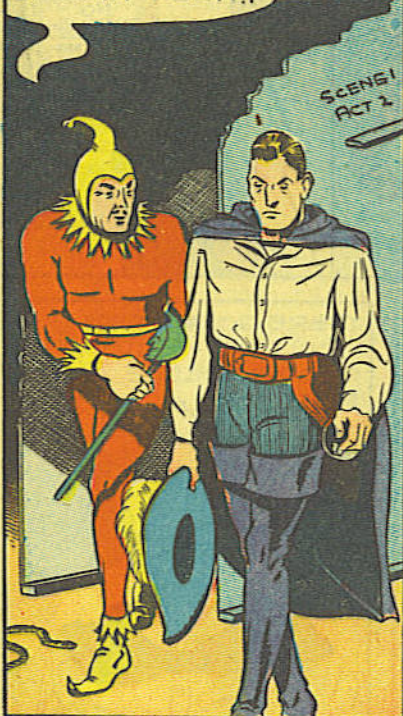


WELL, DR. HYPNO,
YOU MAKE
QUITE A DASH-
ING MUSKETEER!

WHAT!—CAN THIS BE SAM WILLIAMS, OUR
RELENTLESS YOUNG DISTRICT ATTORNEY?
—SCARSKULL WILL GET A LAUGH WHEN
HE SEES YOU IN THAT GET-UP!!—I'LL LAY
YOU TEN TO ONE HE'S IN THE AUDIENCE
TONIGHT!!

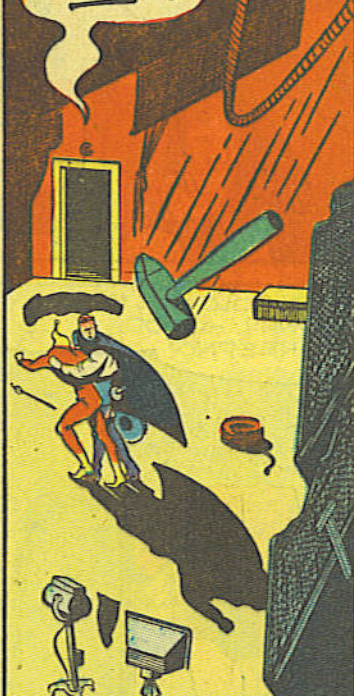
YEH—MEBBE!—BUT OUR
OFFICE WILL HAVE THE
LAST LAUGH!
—WAIT AND
SEE!

CLUES ARE COMING IN FAST AND HOT!!-THE EVIDENCE IS MOUNTING HIGHER THAN EVER!!-WELL HAVE SCARSKULL AND HIS ENTIRE MOB BY THE END OF NEXT WEEK!!



YOU'D BETTER!-THE NEWSPAPERS ARE RIDING YOU PLENTY-

WATCH OUT!!



PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!!-THANK YOU FRIEND- YOU SAVED MY LIFE!!- I OUGHT TO PROSECUTE THAT CARELESS STAGEHAND!!-WELL, I'LL SEE YOU LATER DOCTOR!

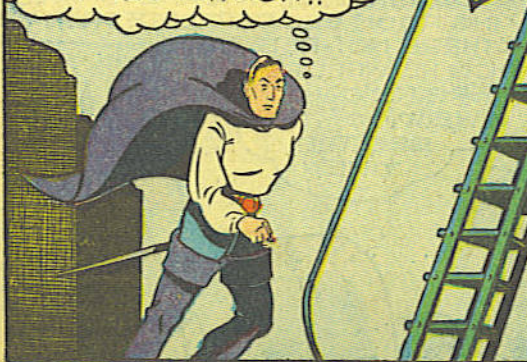
SO LONG, SAM-



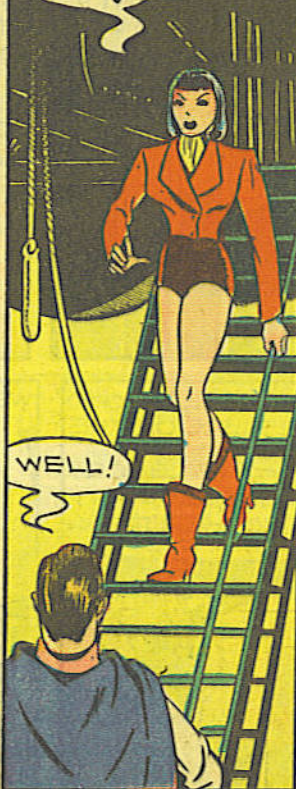
MM-MM-M!!- "CARELESS STAGEHAND"!- I HAVE MY DOUBTS!!- I'LL WAGER THAT FALLING SLEDGE WAS DELIBERATE!!



IN FACT, THIS CALLS FOR AN INVESTIGATION!!



OH!

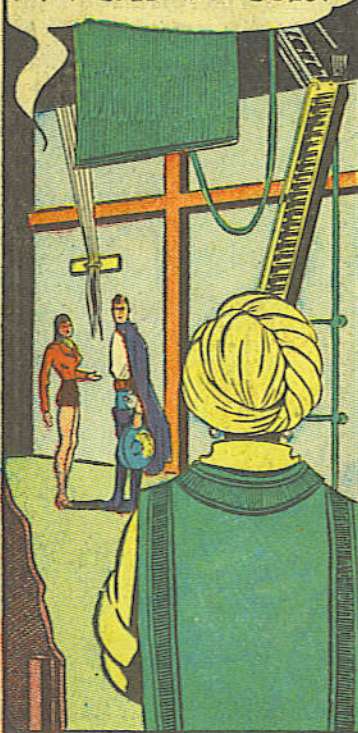


'BEEN UP ON THE CATWALK FOR AN AIRING, MISS ???

I AM LANA, THE LION GIRL ON THEES BILL!- I ALWEEZ INSPECT THE ROPES BEFORE MY ACT- EET EES MUCH SAFER, -NO??



YOU ARE DR. HEEPNO -!
-I SEE YOUR PEECTURE
IN NEWSPAPER MANY
TIMES - OH! - HERE COME
MY ASSEESTANT - BOLO!



BOLO, THEES EES THE GR-REAT DOCTOR
HEEPNO - YOU MUS' EXCUSE BOLO,
HE CANNOT TALK - HE EES WHAT YOU
CALL A MUTE - EES EET NOT
SAD??



COME, BOLO - WE MUS' BE ON
OUR WAY! - GOODBYE DOC-
TOR HEEPNO!



THERE GOES A PAIR THAT
WOULDN'T HESITATE TO
DROP A SLEDGE ON
ANYONE!!



-AND THIS MUST BE LEO, OF LANA AND
LEO, THAT MAKES UP THE PROFESSIONAL
END OF TONIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT!!
-I'D TRUST HIM FARTHER THAN I WOULD
HIS MISTRESS, AT THAT!



IN THE
DRESS-
ING
ROOM
OF
LANA -

SLANT-EYED FOOL!! - THAT
SLEDGE MISSED THE D.A. BY
A MILE!! - NOW WHAT DO WE
DO??



I TELL YOU - THAT D.A. MUST BE KNOCKED
OFF TONIGHT! - THE PRESSURE ON THE
MOB IS GETTIN' TERRIFIC!
-HE'S OUT TO GET US! PATIENCE,
SCARSKULL! - I
HAVE ANOTHER PLAN -



WELL? - EET EES VER 'SEEMPLE!! - THE
DEESTRECT ATTORNEY'S DRESS-
ING ROOM EES SEPARATE FROM THE
OTHERS, NO? - AFTER THE
SHOW HE WEEL BE EEN
THERE REMOVING HEES
MAKEUP, NO? - THAT
EES THE
TIME!!



I WHEEL THEN FREE LEO.
-LEO WHEEL BE VER' HUNG-
RY- I WHEEL TAKE LEO TO
THE DRESSEENG ROOM
OF THE DEESTREET ATT-
ORNEY AND OPEN THE
DOOR- LEO WHEEL MAKE
MINCE-MEAT OF HEEM!!
- I DEESAPPEAR AND
EVER ONE THINK LEO'S
ESCAPE EES AN ACC-
IDENT!!

I TAKE BACK
ALL I SAID,
SLANT-EYES!
- THAT IDEA IS A
CLASSIC!



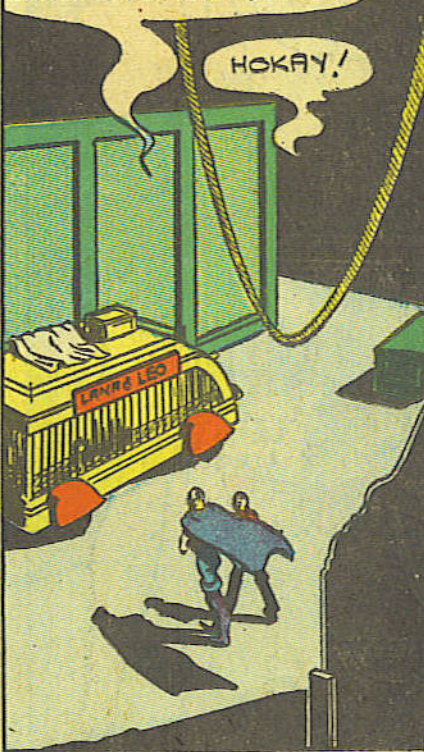
LATER...

'SHOW'S OVER, WUN!-NOW
WE GO TO WORK!- LISTEN-
I HAVE REASON TO SUS-
PECT THOSE PROFESSION-
ALS- LANA AND BOLO- OF
NOT BEING WHAT THEY
PRETEND!!- I'M GOING TO
PERFORM **MENTAL TRANS-**
POSITION ON THEIR LION
AND SEE IF I CAN'T GET
NEXT TO THEIR GAME!-
-C'MON, WE'LL GO TO LEO'S
CAGE RIGHT NOW!!



HERE WE ARE!!- AFTER THE
TRANSPOSITION TAKES PLACE,
DRAG MY BODY BACK TO THE
DRESSING ROOM, WUN!

HOKAY!



THE HYPNOTIC EYES OF DR. HYPNO
ARE LEVELLED AT THE TAWNY LEO!



THE HYP-
NOTISM IS TRAN-
SMITTED
AND THE
MENTAL TRANS-
POSITION
BEGINS!



WUN- MY MIND IS
LEAVING- I-I- LEAVE
MY BODY- LEAVE
-I-I- ENTER THE
LION- I-I-

'MUST GET BODY TO
DRESSING ROOM-
-GOOD LUCK,
DR. HYPNO!!

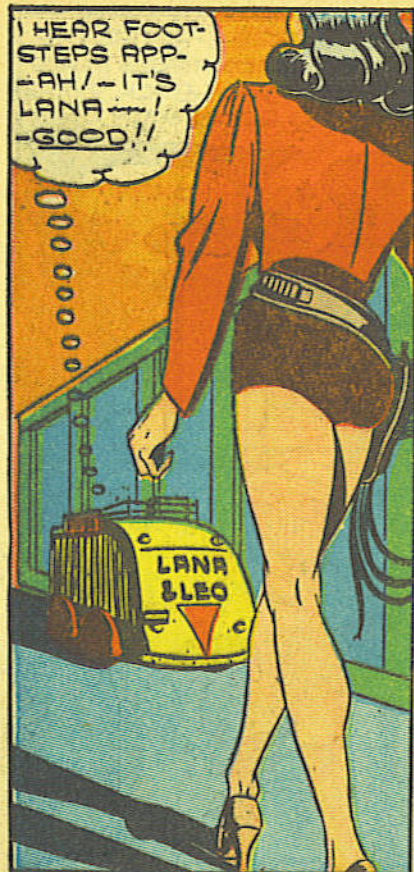
LANA & L



-LUCK I NEED, AND PLENTY!- I ONLY HOPE
I CAN OVERHEAR SOMETHING BETWEEN



LANA AND
BOLO BEFORE
THE HYPNO-
TISM WEARS
OFF!-
I DOUBT IF
BOLO IS A
MUTE AS
SHE SAID!!



I HEAR FOOT-
STEPS APP-
-AH!-IT'S
LANA-
-GOOD!!

EASY LEO!-WE'RE
GOING FOR A
WALK!!

WHY-SHE'S SETTING ME
FREE!!-WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE?-???

-RIGHT THIS WAY,
LEO PRECIOUS!!

I NEVER EXPECTED THIS!!
-SHE'S RISKING THE LIVES
OF EVERYONE STILL IN THIS
THEATRE!!-WHAT IS HER
GAME!!!??

THE D.A.'S DRESSING ROOM!
-AH-I BEGIN TO SEE
THE LIGHT!!

-OPEN UP PLEASE,
MEESTAIR
DEESTREET
ATTORNEY!

YES?-**HEY!**

JUMP,HEEM LEO!!!
-**JUMP!!!**

-BUT "DR. HYPNO" TURNS ON LANA INSTEAD!!

YOU'RE GIVING ORDERS
TO THE WRONG PARTY,
THIS TIME, GIRLIE!

LEO!-OBEY-JUMP!-
-LEO!-LEO-
HELP!

CRACK!

"DR. HYPNO" LEAPS AT LANA AS SHE FRANTICALLY FIRES HER EMERGENCY BLANK CARTRIDGES!!



THE ENTIRE CAST IS ATTRACTED BY LANA'S SCREAMS, BUT IS TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE!!

LANA HAS FAINTED!! - I HOPE THE D.A. HAS ENOUGH PRESENCE OF MIND TO ARREST HER!!

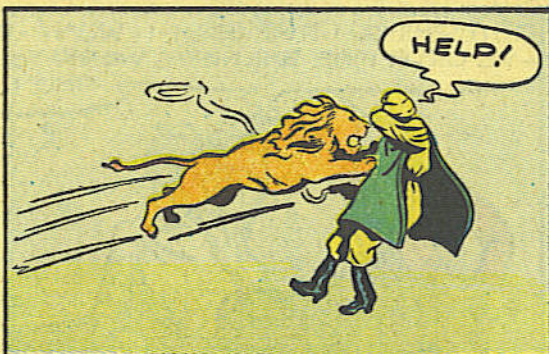


BUT BOLO HAS ONE LAST DESPERATE CHANCE!

ONE SHOT - PRESUMABLY AT THE LION - BUT IT WILL GET THE D.A.!! - IN THE EXCITEMENT, WHO WILL BLAME ME?



BOLO'S BULLET GOES WILD - AND "DR. HYPNO" IS UPON HIM IN A FLASH!

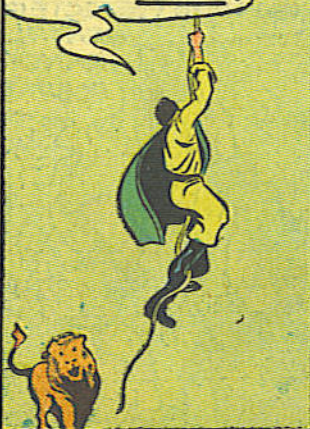


-THE TURBAN-
SCARSKULL!



CRAZY WITH FEAR, SCARSKULL GRABS AT A ROPE AND CLIMBS UPWARD!

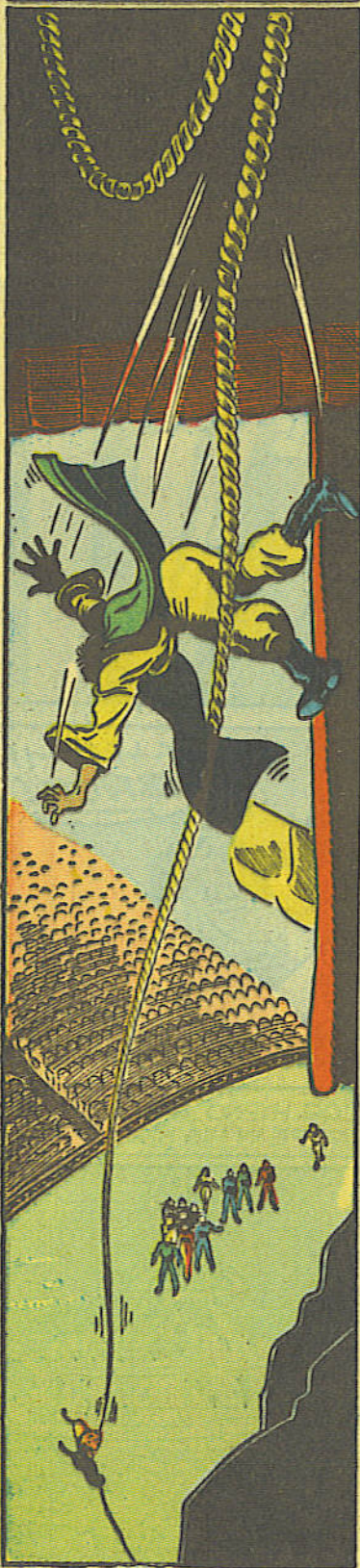
YOU WON'T GET ME - WON'T - WON'T!



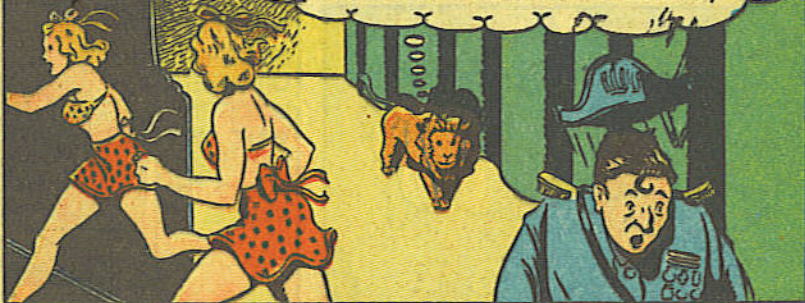
"DR. HYPNO" GRASPS THE ROPE IN HIS MIGHTY JAWS!



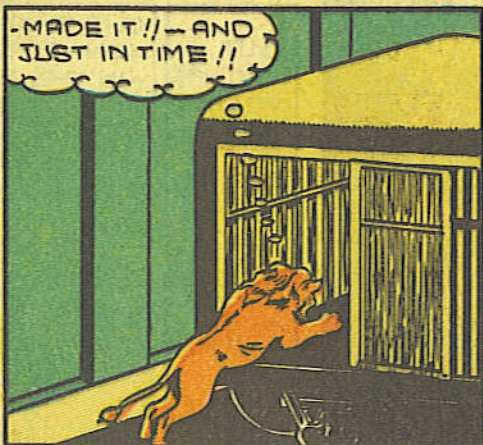
UNABLE TO KEEP HIS GRIP ON THE LASHING ROPE-SCARSKULL PLUNGES TO HIS DEATH!!



MENTAL TRANSPOSITION PAID BIG DIVIDENDS THIS EVENING! -NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK TO THE CAGE BEFORE THE HYPNOTISM WEARS OFF-AND BEFORE SOMEONE SHOTS ME!!



-MADE IT!!-AND JUST IN TIME!!



-JUST IN TIME-JUST-I AM RETURNING-I-I-FEEL MY MIND GOING-BACK TO-MY OWN-BODY-I-I-I-RETURN-I-I



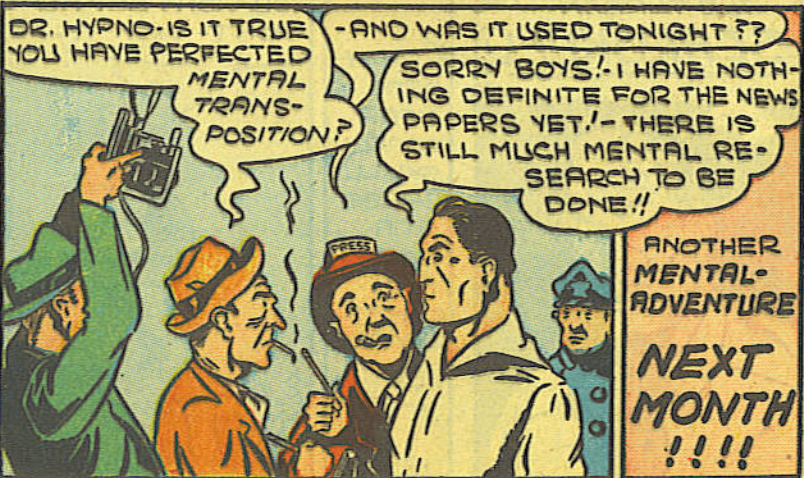
AND BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM-

RETURNING-I AWAKEN-I-I-WUN!-ALL'S WELL! -WE DID A FINE EVENINGS WORK-YOU AND LEO AND I!!



DR. HYPNO-IS IT TRUE YOU HAVE PERFECTED MENTAL TRANSPOSITION?

-AND WAS IT USED TONIGHT??



SORRY BOYS!-I HAVE NOTHING DEFINITE FOR THE NEWS PAPERS YET!-THERE IS STILL MUCH MENTAL RE-SEARCH TO BE DONE!!

ANOTHER MENTAL-ADVENTURE

NEXT MONTH!!!!

OFF-SHORE ENEMIES

A ROCKE WAYBURN
SPY ADVENTURE



ROCKE WAYBURN, HARD-FIGHTING SEA ADVENTURER, WAS HEADED FROM FRISCO TO SINGAPORE WHEN ROUNDING SHELL POINT A FEW MILES FROM THE CITY....

BUT CAP'N WAYBURN YOU SAY WE'S SHOVIN' OFF FO' SINGAPORE AND NOW YOU WANTS TO STOP

THAT FLAG OVER OLD JERRY FLYNN'S COTTAGE IS UPSIDE DOWN. THAT MEANS TROUBLE



AFTER LANDING ROCKE RUSHES INTO THE CABIN TO FIND OLD FLYNN IN BED



SO THEY SHOT ME, LEFT ME FOR DEAD AND GRABBED MY DAUGHTER, MARY, WHO WORKS IN THE CITY AND WAS HERE ON HER VACATION

WHERE DOES YOUR DAUGHTER WORK IN THE CITY?



SHE WORKS FOR THE WESTERN INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

SO THAT'S IT. THOSE SO-CALLED FISHERMEN ARE FOREIGN SPIES THE PAPERS SAY THEY'VE BEEN MAPPING OUR WEST COAST DEFENSES. I'M GOING AFTER THEM IN YOUR POWER BOAT



LEAVING HIM TO CARE FOR THE WOUNDED MAN, ROCKE SPEEDS OUT IN SEARCH OF THE ORIENTAL SPIES WHOM HE BELIEVES TO HAVE KIDNAPED MARY FLYNN TO GET INFORMATION SHE POSSESSES.

THOSE SO-CALLED FISHERMEN HANG OUT ON TARTAR ISLAND, AND I'LL GET THERE ABOUT DARK



AFTER A ROUGH VOYAGE ON THE CHOPPY PACIFIC...

THERE'S TARTAR ISLAND... I'LL DROP ANCHOR, BUNDLE MY CLOTHES IN A WATER-PROOF TARP AND SWIM ASHORE WHEN IT GETS DARKER



BY THE TIME I GET THERE IT SHOULD BE DARK



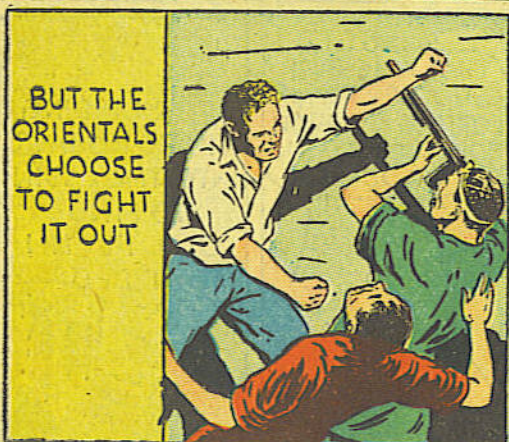


THERE'S THEIR SHACK
NOW IF I CAN SAIL IN
AND SURPRISE
THEM...

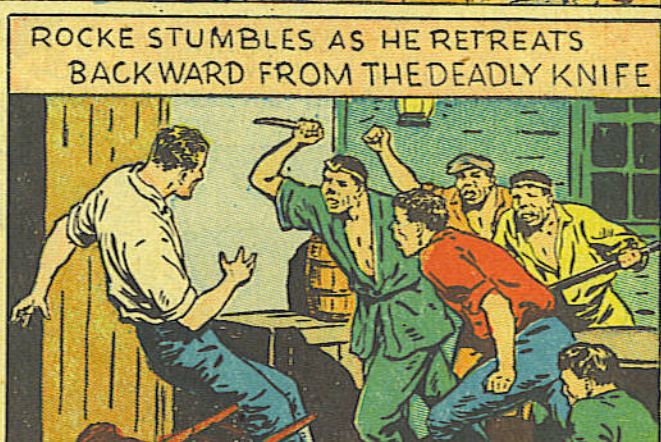
WITHOUT
WARNING
ROCKE
BURSTS IN
ON THE
SPIES



IT'S THE PAY-OFF GET YOUR
HANDS UP. I WANT TO KNOW
WHERE MARY FLYNN IS



BUT THE
ORIENTALS
CHOOSE
TO FIGHT
IT OUT



ROCKE STUMBLES AS HE RETREATS
BACKWARD FROM THE DEADLY KNIFE



FOR A
MOMENT
ROCKE
FEARS
HE HAS LOST
THE
DESPERATE
GAMBLE



THEN WITH A JACKKNIFE KICK..

KNIVES AREN'T
POLITE



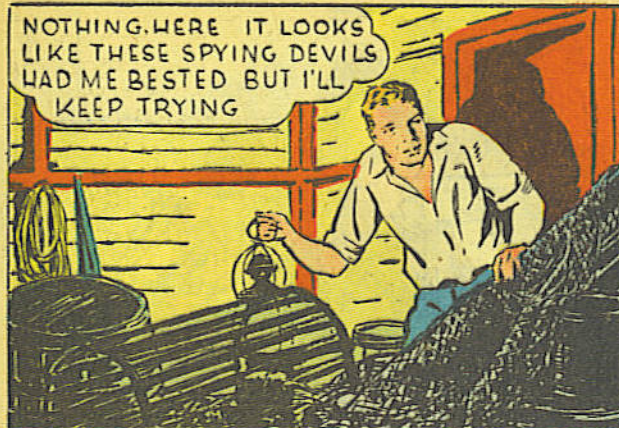
NOW YOU'D BETTER TELL ME
WHERE MARY FLYNN
IS!

WE NO
TALK



THEN IF YOU WON'T TALK, I'LL
TAKE A LOOK AROUND THIS
ISLAND MYSELF

NOTHING HERE IT LOOKS
LIKE THESE SPYING DEVILS
HAD ME BESTED BUT I'LL
KEEP TRYING



AH, THAT LOOKS INTERESTING
MIGHT BE ONLY AN ICED
FISH-STORAGE SHIP
AND THEN IT
MIGHT BE...



ONCE MORE
ROCKE'S
LONG-DISTANCE
SWIMMING
ABILITY
AIDS HIM



WELL I'LL SOON FIND
OUT WHAT'S DOING
ON THIS TUB



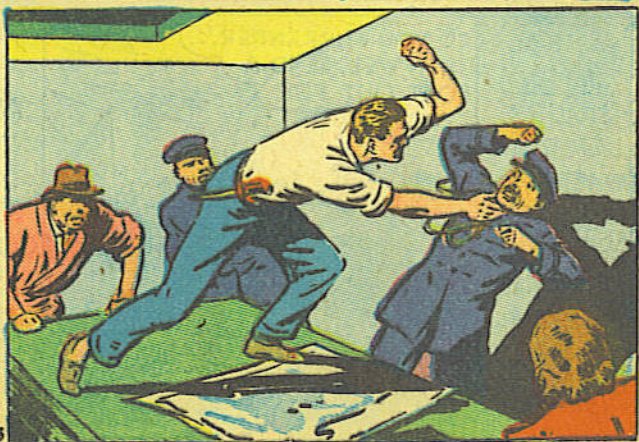
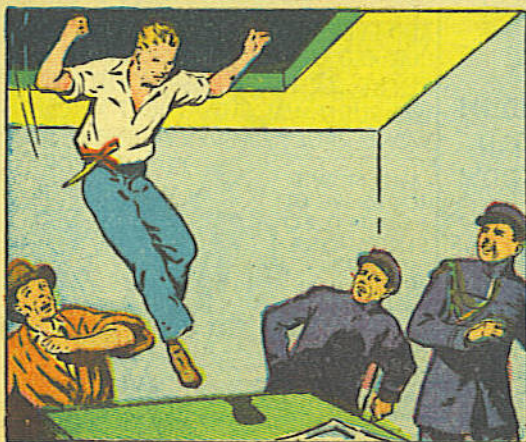
SILENTLY ELUDING A SENTRY...

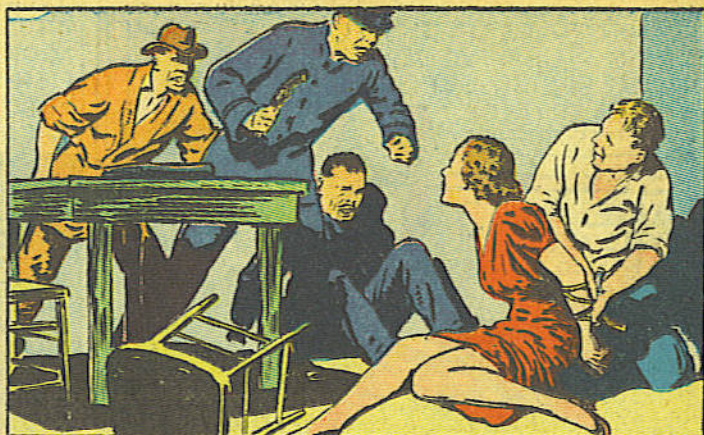


ROCKE
PEERS
DOWN
THROUGH A
HATCHWAY

NOW AMERICAN GIRL
MARK FOR US THE
LOCATION OF THE
DEFENSE GUNS ON
THIS MAP OR YOU
DIE BY TORTURE

I'LL BE TORTURED
TO DEATH BEFORE
I WILL GIVE AWAY
THE SECRETS OF
MY COUNTRY





YOU 'DIRTY
BEAST!

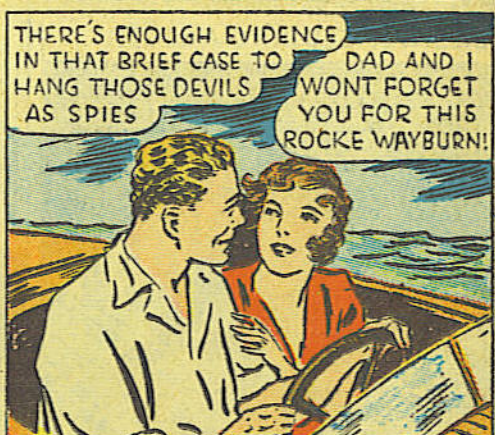


TOUGH
ROCKE
WAYBURN
IS UP
AGAIN!



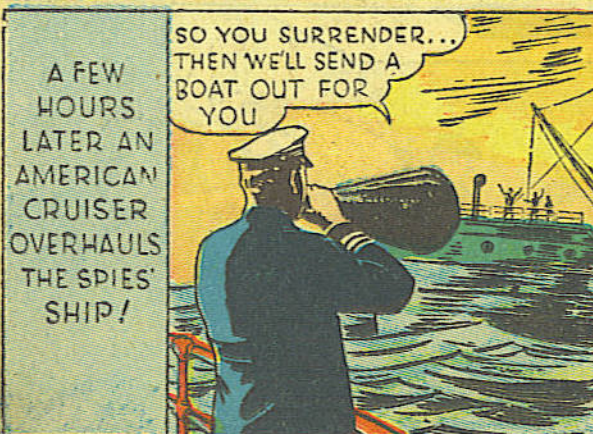
VICTORY!

AND NOW WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO LOOK
OVER YOUR PAPERS, MR. SPY! I'VE A
HUNCH OUR GOVERNMENT WILL BE
INTERESTED IN THEM!



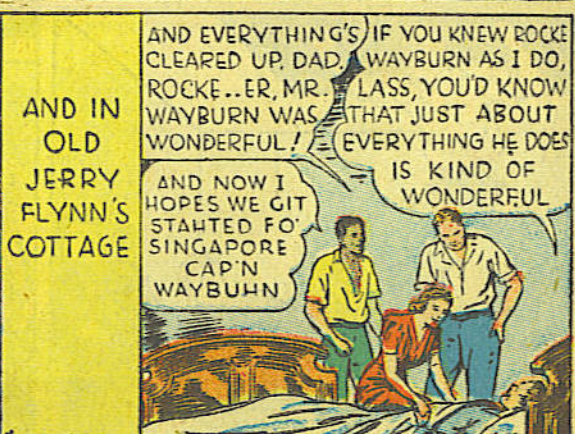
THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE
IN THAT BRIEF CASE TO
HANG THOSE DEVILS
AS SPIES

DAD AND I
WONT FORGET
YOU FOR THIS
ROCKE WAYBURN!



A FEW
HOURS
LATER AN
AMERICAN
CRUISER
OVERHAULS
THE SPIES'
SHIP!

SO YOU SURRENDER...
THEN WE'LL SEND A
BOAT OUT FOR
YOU

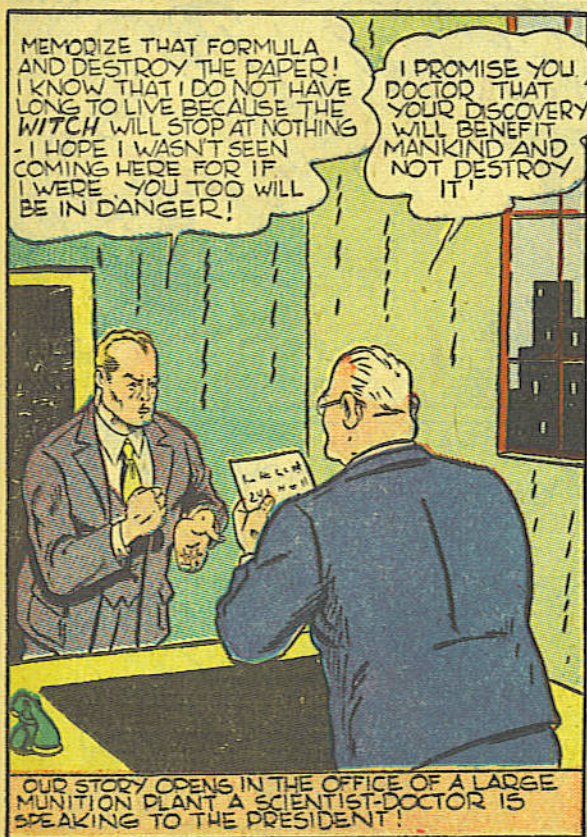
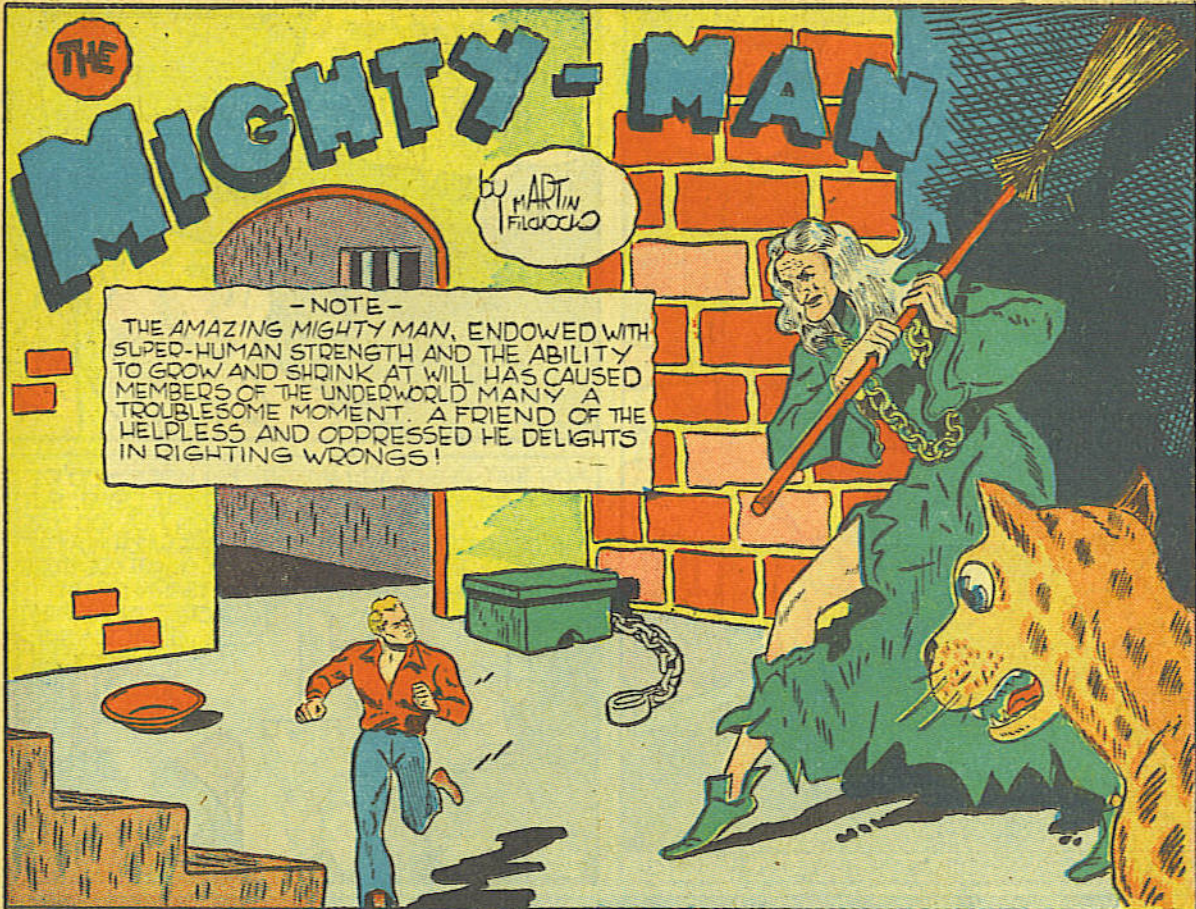


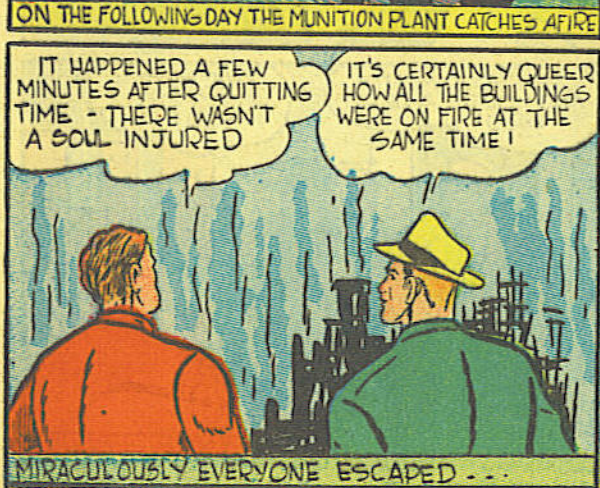
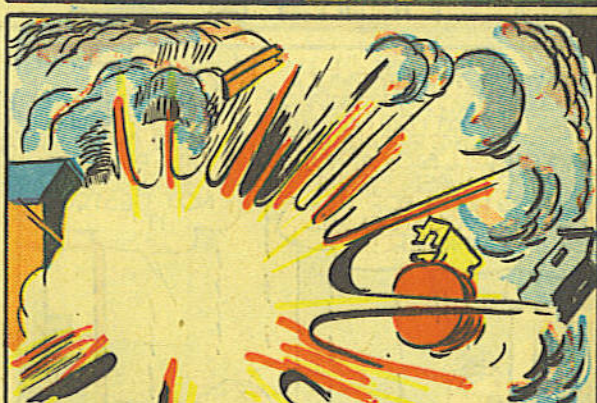
AND IN
OLD
JERRY
FLYNN'S
COTTAGE

AND EVERYTHING'S
CLEARED UP, DAD. WAYBURN AS I DO,
ROCKE...ER, MR. FLYNN, YOU'D KNOW
WAYBURN WAS THAT JUST ABOUT
WONDERFUL!

AND NOW I
HOPES WE GIT
STATED FOR
SINGAPORE
CAP'N
WAYBUHN

EVERYTHING HE DOES
IS KIND OF
WONDERFUL





I HEAR YOU'RE SHORT
HANDED! HOW ABOUT
A JOB!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING
FOR A BIG STRONG MAN.
BUD! SO I GUESS
YOU'RE HIRED!

A FEW DAYS LATER WHILE WORKMEN WERE CLEARING THE
DEBRIS THE MIGHTY MAN OFFERS HIS ASSISTANCE!

IT'S FUNNY! THERE'S NO
TRACE OF THE MISSING
PRESIDENT! HM-M
BURNING FLESH! I'LL
HAVE TO LOOK INTO
THIS!

BUT ONE DAY HIS KEEN NOSTRILS DETECT THE ODOR
OF BURNING FLESH COMING OUT OF A SMALL HOLE!

I WONDER WHY WE DIDN'T
SMELL IT BEFORE? OH WELL!
I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



MY GOSH! AN UNDERGROUND
BUILDING! I'M SURE THE CITY
DOESN'T KNOW OF ITS EXISTENCE!
THIS IS GETTING
MYSTERIOUS!



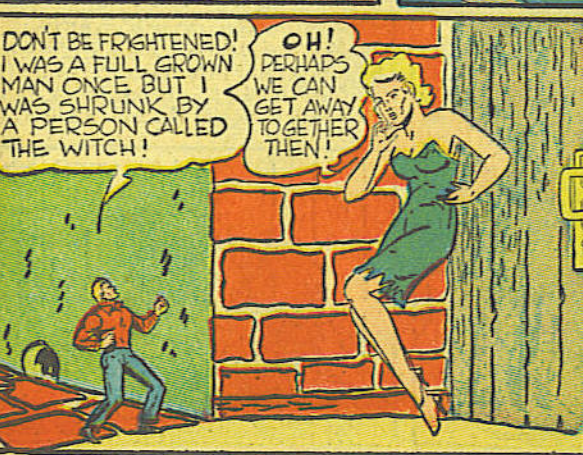
GOOD HEAVENS
WHAT ARE YOU?

CAUGHT BEFORE
I HAD A CHANCE
TO GET TO MY
NORMAL SIZE!
I HOPE SHE BELIEVES
MY STORY!



DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!
I WAS A FULL GROWN
MAN ONCE BUT I
WAS SHRUNK BY
A PERSON CALLED
THE WITCH!

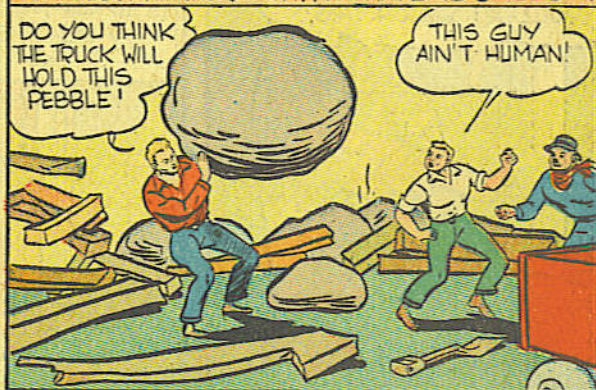
OH!
PERHAPS
WE CAN
GET AWAY
TOGETHER
THEN!



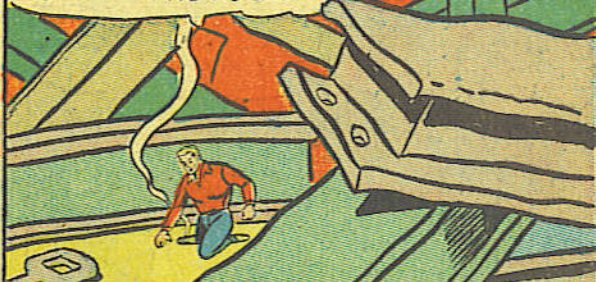
FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE MIGHTY MAN THRILLS
HIS FELLOW WORKERS WITH HIS AMAZING STRENGTH

DO YOU THINK
THE TRUCK WILL
HOLD THIS
PEBBLE!

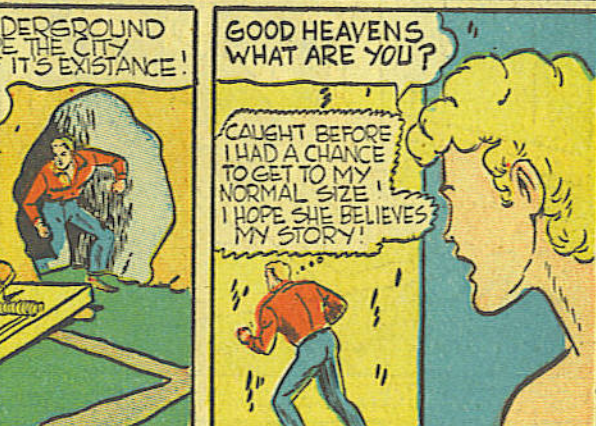
THIS GUY
AIN'T HUMAN!



IT MIGHT BE THE EVIDENCE
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR! A RAT
MUST HAVE DRAGGED A PIECE
OF FLESH INTO HIS DEN!

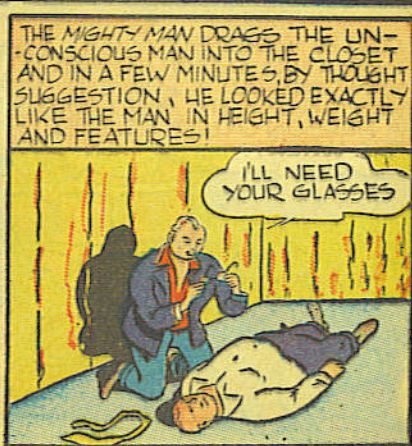
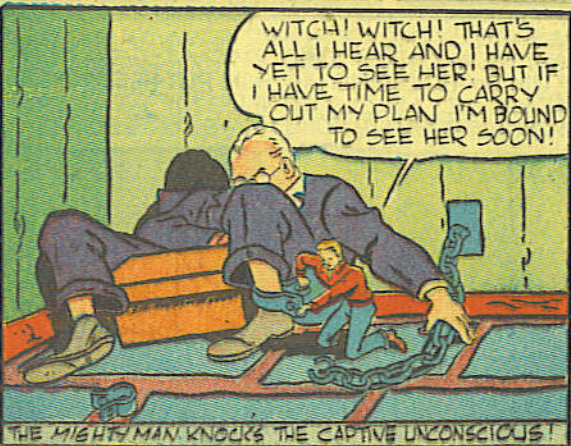
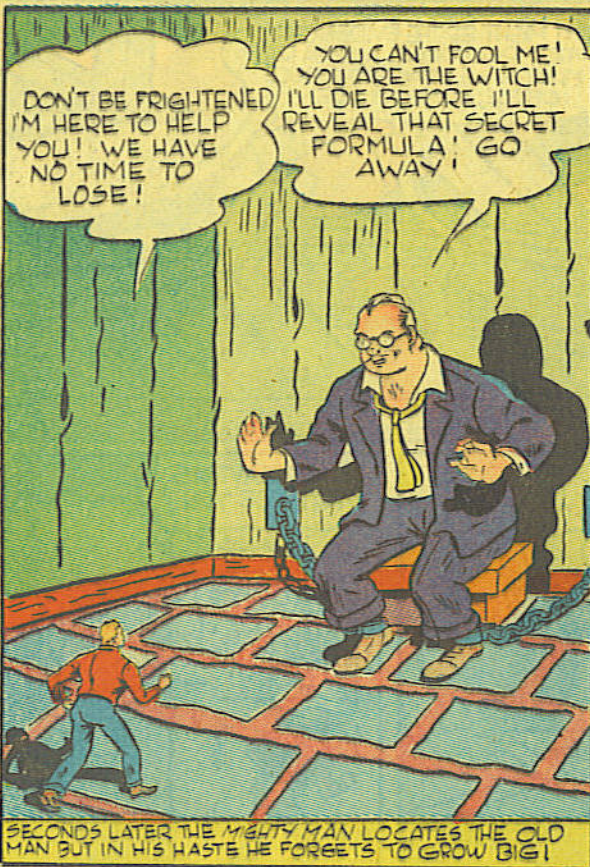
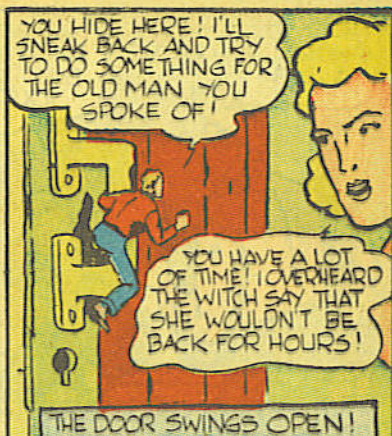
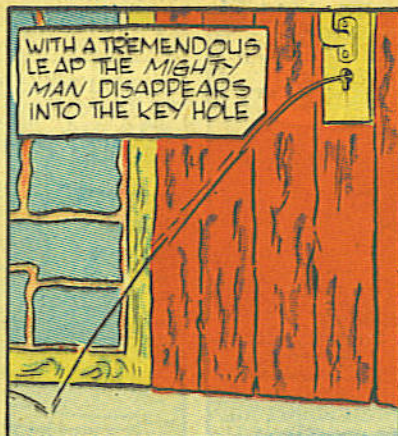


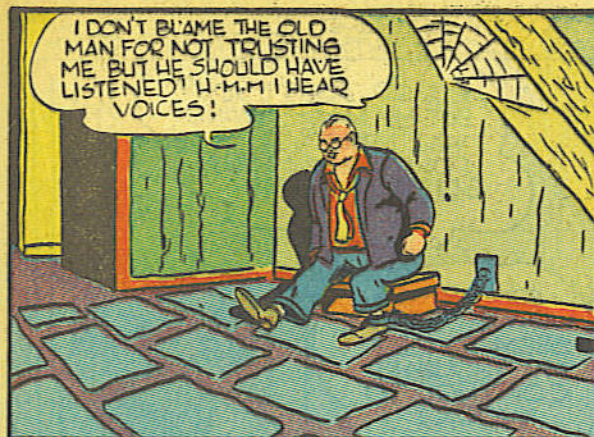
BY SUPER THOUGHT CONTROL HE SHRINKS AND ENTERS
THE HOLE! HIS SPECIAL RUBBERIZED CLOTHING ALSO SHRINK



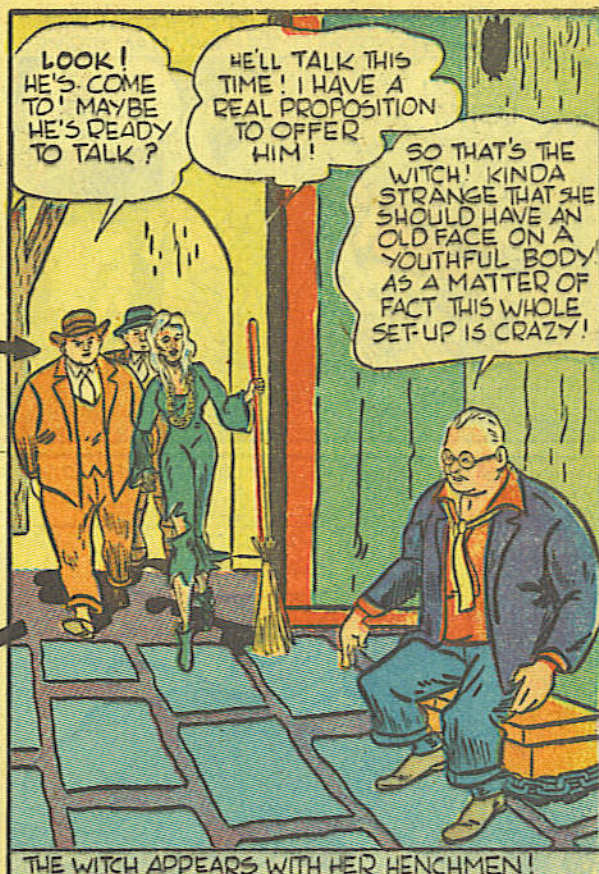
SHE'S HOLDING ME A PRISONER HERE WITH AN ELDERLY
MAN! THE WITCH JUST TRIED TO PRY A SECRET OUT
OF HIM BY BRANDING HIS SKIN BUT HE FAINTED!
PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE! IF WE COULD
OPEN THIS DOOR WE COULD MAKE OUR ESCAPE!



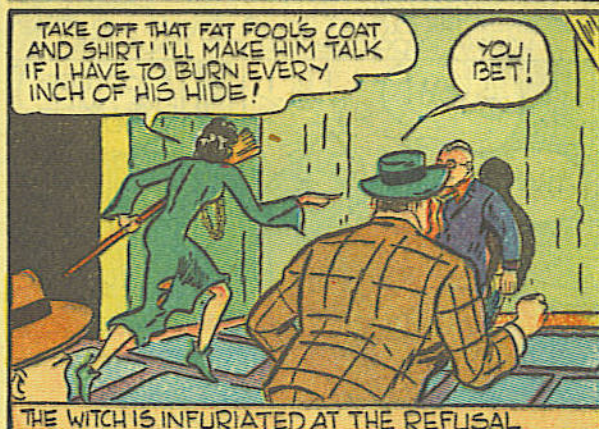




THEY STRIP THE DISGUISED MIGHTY MAN TO THE WAIST



THE WITCH APPEARS WITH HER HENCHMEN!



THE WITCH IS INFURIATED AT THE REFUSAL



NOT WISHING TO SEE HIS ONLY SUIT OF SPECIAL RUBBER-IZED CLOTHING DESTROYED! THE MIGHTY MAN STRIKES



IN AN INSTANT HE SHRINKS SMALL ENOUGH TO GET OUT OF THE LEG IRONS AND ALSO INTO HIS ORIGINAL SHAPE AS THE MIGHTY MAN!



SUDDENLY THE CLOSET DOOR OPENS AND STRIKES THE WITCH, KNOCKING HER OFF BALANCE!



THE WITCH DISAPPEARS INTO THE FLOOR AS IF BY MAGIC

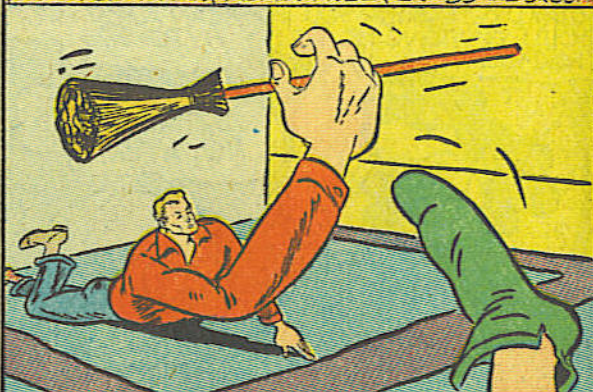


THE WITCH, ASTONISHED BUT STILL ALERT, SWINGS AND HITS THE MIGHTY MAN WITH HER BROOM!



FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON THE MIGHTY MAN IS POWERLESS! HIS THOUGHT CONTROL FAILS HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME

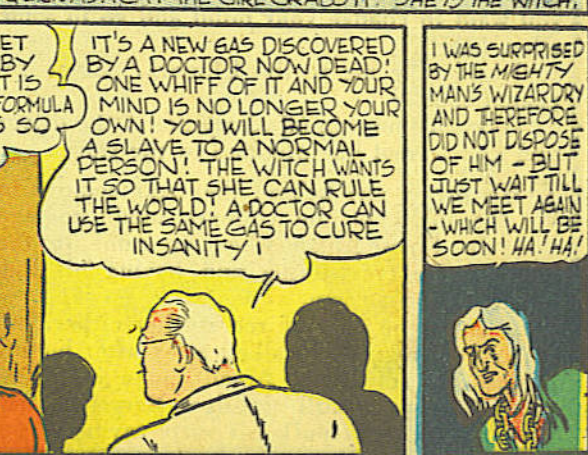
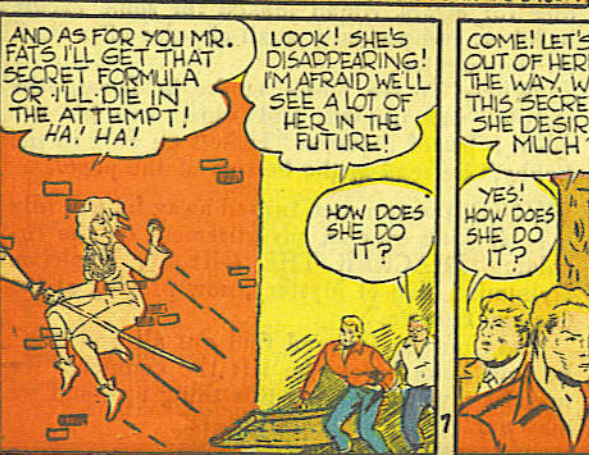
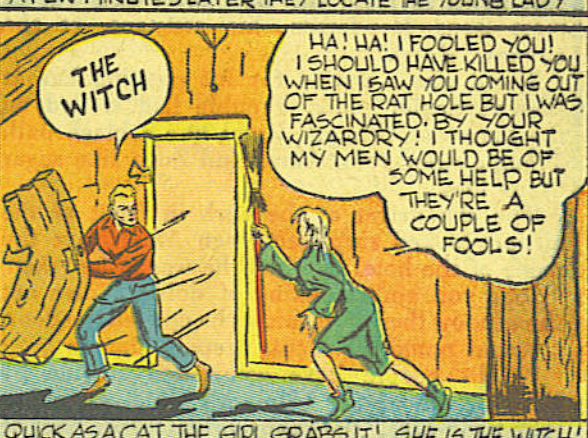
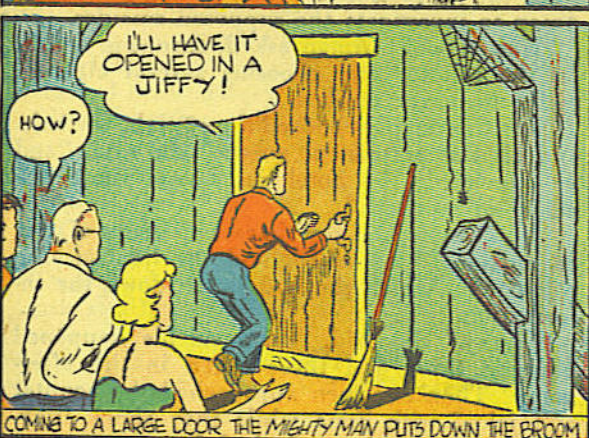
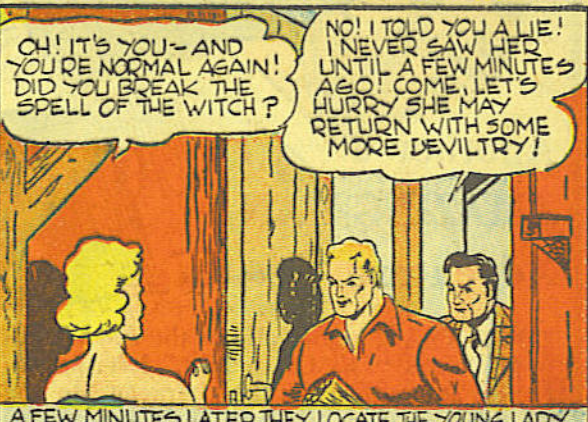
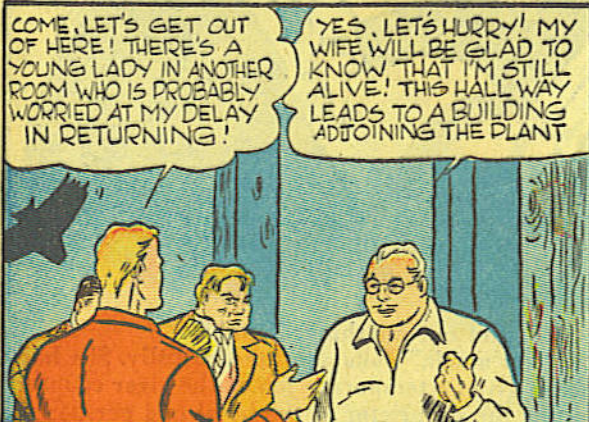
THE MIGHTY MAN, AGAIN FREE, GRABS THE BROOM!



THE TWO MEN BREAK FOR THE DOORWAY!



BUT THE MIGHTY MAN IS NOT CAUGHT NAPPING



DEATH LOOKS IN A MIRROR

by Duke Carey

Another AMAZING-MAN Adventure

JOHN AMAN, known also as the AMAZING-MAN and "The Green Mist," left the airport at one-thirty in the afternoon. He had just flown in from the west coast and was to meet Zona Henderson, his assistant, at the Ullmark Hotel.

There was a reason for his meeting her at that particular place. Trouble had settled on the luxurious Ullmark Hotel like a black pall. Trouble drew John Aman and Zona like sugar draws flies.

The cab driver at the curb in front of the airport looked surprised when Aman gave the name of the hotel to which he was to be taken. "Hope you ain't thinking of doing a dive out the window there," he said as he opened the door.

Aman remained silent, deep in thought.

"Eight people have committed suicide by jumping out of the Ullmark's windows in less than two weeks," the cabby volunteered. "Maybe you want to change your mind and go to some other hotel."

"I said take me to the Ullmark," Aman repeated shortly.

"Okay, it's no skin off of my nose," the driver said and turned his attention to the traffic.

THE pretty girl behind the cigar counter in the lobby of the Ullmark made no sign that she knew Aman when he came to the counter after registering and having his luggage sent to his room.

He made no sign of recognition either, but when a fat man had walked away after buying a pocketful of cigars Aman spoke in a low voice, his lips as still as Edgar Bergen's when Charlie McCarthy pulls his witty sayings.

"Found out anything, Zona?"

"Not much," Zona admitted ruefully. She had been given a temporary job at the cigar counter when the proprietor of the hotel had persuaded Aman to investigate the supposed suicides.

"How much?" Aman asked, throwing a coin on the counter and choosing several cigars—which he never smoked.

"I've thoroughly checked the officials, the help and all the permanent guests," she said, "and no one inside the hotel has caused those suicides—or murders."

"You've checked the dates and hours of the, er, suicides?" he asked, and she handed him a paper on which she had jotted down the information.

"Funny," she said, "every suicide happened between three and three-fifteen in the afternoon." Then two men approached the counter and joked with Zona while they shook high-dice for cigars. Aman looked for some excuse to loiter, and picked a small circular off a stack on the counter.

"Where To Go While You're in Town," the circular was headed, and Aman ran his eye down a list of theatres. "Tickets on Sale in the Lobby," he read at the bottom of the page.

WHEN the two men turned away he was idly looking over an advertisement on the circular: "THACKER THE GREAT, Magician, Hypnotist, Man of Mystery, now playing at the Corwin Theatre."

"Stay on the job and find out all you can," he told Zona before he left the counter. "We may be a week clearing this thing up—and we may not."

Out on the street once more, Aman walked around the hotel several times, looking at it from every angle. He was deeply puzzled as he stopped in front of an unfinished building that reared its towers directly across the street from the hotel.

Then his eyes fell on a sign over a construction shack at the bottom of the building.

The sign read: "This building is being erected for the Thacker Realty Company—offices now renting for occupancy in October."

FOR an instant Aman wondered where he had seen the name Thacker recently, then he started racing back to a phone booth in the lobby of the Hotel as he remembered the theatre advertisement.

"Please tell me on what afternoons the sun shone during the last two weeks," he said to the man at the other end of the wire when he had the weather bureau on the phone.

A light came into John Aman's keen eyes as he checked the dates given him by the weather man against the dates of the suicides. When he hung up the receiver, he strolled casually over to the cigar counter once more.

"Did you check on which side of the hotel those suicides occurred?" he asked Zona. If they had happened on more than one side of the building his theory was blown up, and he knew it.

"All on the west side, and all between the tenth and fourteenth floors," she told him. Aman smiled to himself as he walked away. The papers were right in saying that Zona Henderson was a trained investigator!

He approached the desk and asked the clerk, "Is the room you gave me on the west side of the hotel?"

"Nope, the south side," the clerk answered after he had looked over the room cards.

"Then change it at once," Aman requested. "I want a room on the west side, between the tenth and fourteenth floors."

IT WAS five minutes before three when Aman first looked out of the window of his new room. He stared for several minutes at the building across the street, not sure just what he was looking for, except that he felt sure it would be a man.

At a minute after three, his eyes were attracted by a glittering object in a paneless window of the great building. Then over the sheen of the small object he saw the face of a dark man.

The sun was shining on the wall of the building, and now the man's face came out full into the sunlight. Even at the distance he stood away from Aman, the Amazing-Man could see the sinister glitter of the other man's eyes, as the sun caught the shining object in his hands and reflected the light across the space between the two buildings.

Then from somewhere close came a compelling whisper. "Leap. Climb up through that

window and leap!" The man's lips were moving and, trained in lip-reading, Aman knew he was uttering the words, but the voice was coming from somewhere closer.

"Leap. Climb through that window and leap!" Aman felt a chill run up his spine as the voice came again and he gazed at the hypnotic eyes in that other building.

"Leap, leap!" Aman felt the hypnotic spell. He knew now why those eight people had leaped from the windows of the Ullmark Hotel. They had been forced into it by a hypnotic power!

SLOWLY, his limbs working strangely like those of one in a trance, Aman stepped up to the window sill, spread his hands and leaped. Someone cried out from the street below and Aman felt the rush of wind meet his downward flight.

But even as his feet had left the window sill, Aman had begun to dissolve into the green mist. The mist hurtled across the space between the buildings and then John Aman leaped out of it, his hands gripping the wrists of the hypnotist, who was now dropping the shining mirror he had held.

"Simplicity itself," Aman smilingly told the police a few minutes later. "Thacker, the Great, this murdering hypnotist here, is the brother of the president of Thacker Realty Company. I don't know yet, but I'm willing to wager that the company wanted that hotel to add to their property. A few more killings like that and they'd have had it for a song, for people wouldn't live there."

"You're right, of course, but how'd you dope it out?" a cop asked.

"The hours and dates of the murders," Aman said. "He had to have sunlight to work, and the sun had to be against the building, shining on that mirror he held. At that distance, even Thacker, the Great would have to have a shining object to gain the victim's attention. That's the first principle of hypnotism."

"And oh yes, there's one thing I almost forgot. He had a loud-speaker system rigged up. You'll find the amplifier on the roof of the hotel. That's why his victims could hear him speak from across the street."



THE

SHARK



THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER SEA CREATURE SERVING JUSTICE, HE HAS WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, THE SON OF FATHER NEPTUNE, WHO IS NOW IN THEIR UNDER SEA HOME TALKING OVER THE PRESENT NEWS WITH HIM



COMIN' POP? I'M GOING OUT TO FIND THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS TROUBLE

NO SON...



..I THINK I'LL STAY HERE AWHILE AN' FIGGER THIS THING OUT SCIENTIFICALLY LIKE A LAND DETECTIVE DOES!!!!

LEW GLANZ

LATER, IN NEW YORK

HEY BOSS, THERE'S AN OLD BUCK THAT WANTS TO SEE YA! SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT

O.K. I'LL BE IN MY OFFICE!

MISTER SAMSON?? I'VE GOT SOME INFORMATION YOU MAY BE ABLE TO USE, THAT IS IF YOU'RE INTERESTED?

MAYBE I AM, WHAT'S IT ABOUT? CIGARETTE??

NO! THANKS

BUT WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT THAT KIND OF INFORMATION, I'M IN THE BREWERY BUSINESS??

THIS "INFO" I'VE GOT IS THE SCHEDULE OF ALL U.S. GOVERNMENT BOATS' MOVEMENTS!

OH! I GET YOUR ANGLE!

WELL I JUST HAD AN IDEA YOU WERE, BUT OF COURSE IF YOU'RE NOT, I CAN SELL IT SOME PLACE ELSE !!

SO LONG MISTER "SUCKER" SAMSON!

WAIT A MINUTE, POP! I DIDN'T SAY I WASN'T, COME BACK AN LET'S TALK THIS THING OVER!

UH, HUH !! NOW YOU'RE BEING SMART! O.K. HERE'S THE DOPE BUT FIRST LET'S GET THE BUSINESS END OVER WITH!

SO YOU WON'T GIVE ME THE LAST BIT OF INFORMATION UNLESS I TELL YOU WHO THE "BIG BOY" IS? O.K. WHAT'S THERE TO LOSE! HE'S FRANK COLLIER, AN INTERNATIONAL SPY.....
.... YA' KNOW POP, YOU'RE THE HARDEST GUY I'VE EVER DONE BUSINESS WITH, AND I'VE HANDLED A LOT OF IT

WELL I DON'T CLAIM TO BE OVER SMART, BUT I GET ALONG

HOURS LATER WHEN THE OLD SAILOR HAS GIVEN MOST OF HIS "INFO" HE STOPS..

LATER WHEN THE OLD SAILOR LEAVES



HELLO, MACK?... THIS IS
SAMSON! YA KNOW THAT
OLD GUY THAT JUST
SAW ME, WELL HE'S ON
HIS WAY HOME...
FIX HIM UP!
FOR GOOD!

... OH YES! DON'T FOR-
GET AN' GET THE
DOUGH THAT'S ON
HIM!

O.K., POP, DON'T MAKE ANY
NOISE!!



WHAT?
ONLY TWO
OF YOU?

LATER!

BOY IF THE SHARK KNEW THAT HIS FATHER
WAS ON LAND GIVING AWAY PHONEY INFORMATION
HE'D FAINT! I THINK I'LL PAY A FRIENDLY
VISIT TO FRANK COLLIER'S AND THEN
BACK TO MISTER SAMSON! AND
BEAT THAT SON OF
MINE TO THIS
CASE!

LOT FOR
SALE
TEL. 8-450611
22X34 FT.
J.J. KLUNK INC.

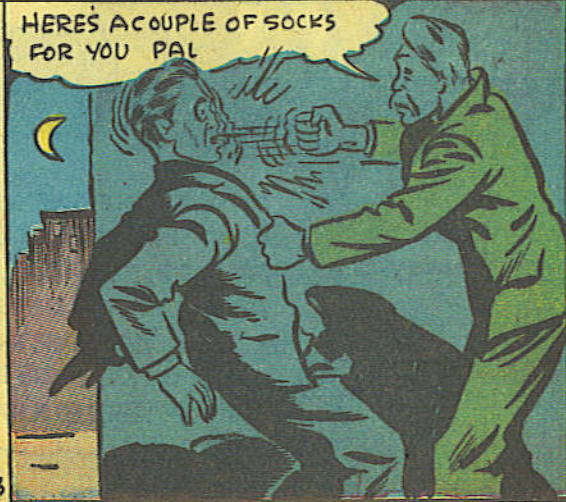


THAT TAKES ALL THE
KICK OUT OF
IT!



SCRAM BUD!
YOU BOTHER ME!

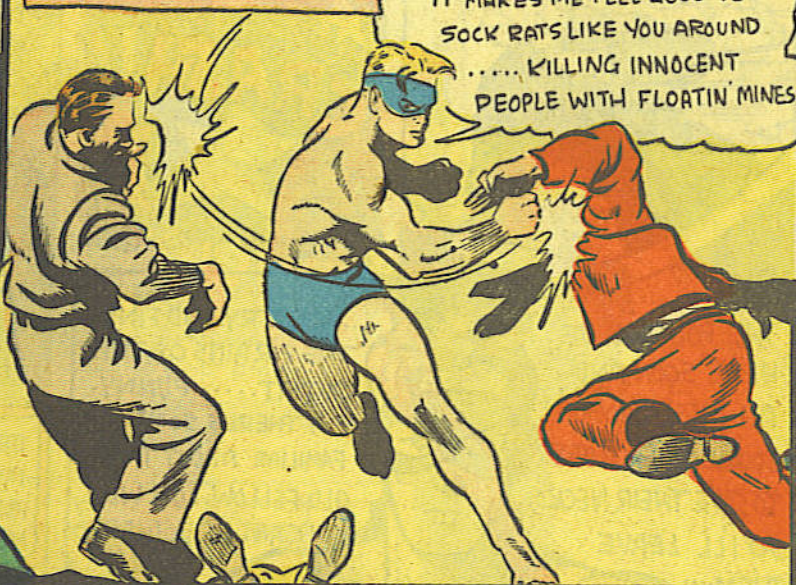
HERE'S A COUPLE OF SOCKS
FOR YOU PAL



O.K. BOYS WE'RE GOING BACK
TO THE BOSSMAN, SAMSON!
HELL BE A LITTLE SURPRISED

BUT MEANTIME THE SHARK
IS GIVING SAMSON A SURPRISE

IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO
SOCK RATS LIKE YOU AROUND
..... KILLING INNOCENT
PEOPLE WITH FLORTIN' MINES!



COME ON YOU PUNK, WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS
WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER? TELL ME OR ILL
MASH YOUR SKULL
IN!

I AINT TALKIN'

SUDDENLY POP
NEPTUNE COMES
IN

WELL ILL BE... WHY YOU MURDERERS..
YOU EVEN GO SO FAR AS TO
BRING YOUR VICTIMS
IN HERE



I DONT CARE
HOW OLD YOU ARE, KILLER, IM
GOING TO BEAT DAYLIGHT
OUT OF YOU

POP THROWS THE
BODY AT THE SHARK

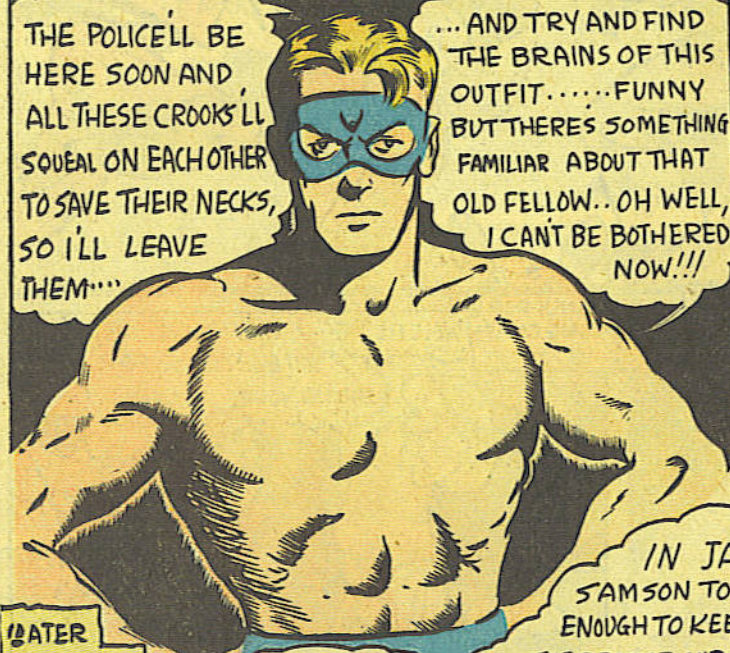
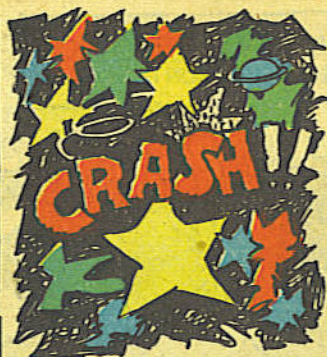
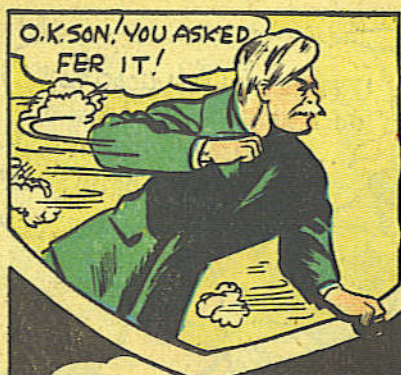


THE SHARK DONT KNOW POP
NEPTUNE, BECAUSE HE HAS
SHAVED HIS BEARD OFF AND
IS DRESSED UP IN LAND
CLOTHS - AND POP CANT
HOLD HIM OFF

YOU GUYS HAVE
GOT ME
PLENTY
MAD!

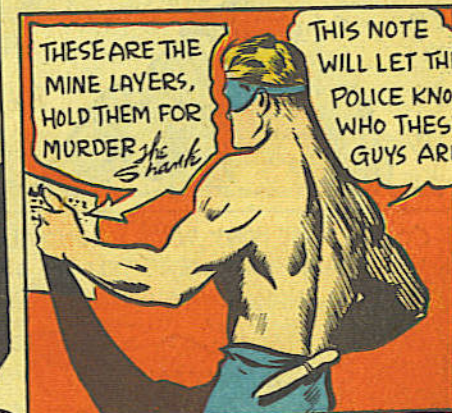
SO I NOTICE, BUT
WAIT UP SON! YOU DONT
KNOW WHO I AM
... NEVER MIND

THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GOING
TO BEAT SHARK TO SOLVING A
CASE, SO I GUESS I WON'T LET
HIM KNOW WHO I AM, KNOCK
HIM OUT AND GET
COLLIERS



THE POLICE'LL BE HERE SOON AND, ALL THESE CROOKS'LL SQUEAL ON EACH OTHER TO SAVE THEIR NECKS, SO I'LL LEAVE THEM....

... AND TRY AND FIND THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT..... FUNNY BUT THERES SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT OLD FELLOW.. OH WELL, I CAN'T BE BOTHERED NOW!!!



THESE ARE THE MINE LAYERS, HOLD THEM FOR MURDER *the handle*

THIS NOTE WILL LET THE POLICE KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE!

WATER WHEN POP NEPTUNE COMES TO /.....

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?

IN JAIL!!

SAMSON TOLD EVERYTHING, ENOUGH TO KEEP US HERE FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES, BUT HE SAYS ITS SAFE IN HERE ANYWAY, BECAUSE THE BIG BOSS WOULD FIX US UP PERMANENTLY IF HE EVER GOT A HOLD OF US BOYS!

DID HE TELL THE COPS WHO THE BOSS IS??

YOU'RE IN JAIL!

WHERE?

NO!

GOOD, I'LL SEE YA LATER "CURLY!"



POP DISAPPEARS LEAVING A PUDDLE OF WATER!

POP COMES OUT IN
THE CITY STREET

IF I WANT TO ACT LIKE
A REAL LAND DETECTIVE
I'VE GOT TO DRESS THE
PART

SUITS

BUT IM.....!
OH! HELP/MURDER!
POLICE! AN ESCAPED
CONVICT! HELP!!!

AH!! THIS IS
MORE LIKE IT!

SUITS FOR S

POW!!

O-O-O-OH!

ON THE MEANTIME COLLIER,
THE BOSS OF THE SPY RING
HAS FORMED A NEW GANG
AND IS NOW GIVING THEM
ORDERS THROUGH A COVERED
PORT HOLE IN HIS YACHT

SINCE SAMSON HAS BEEN FOOLISH
ENOUGH TO GET CAUGHT, I AM FORCED
TO ISSUE THE ORDERS MYSELF....

PREPARE THE MINES TO BE DROPPED!

I'LL GIVE THE ORDER TO LAY THE MINES AT TEN THIRTY,
THAT MEANS THAT THE MINES WILL BE AT
THEIR PROPER POSITION IN ABOUT AN HOUR,
THAT'S JUST IN TIME FOR THE "CONEY
ISLAND" EXCURSION, WHEN SHE
HITS THERE'LL BE A RIOT,
HA!! HA!! A RIOT!

GLASS TUBE,
CONTAINING
ACID, WHICH
BREAKS ON
CONTACT

ACID ACTS ON WIRE
CAUSING DETONATOR
TO FIRE EXPLOSIVE

SOFT LEAD
HORNS

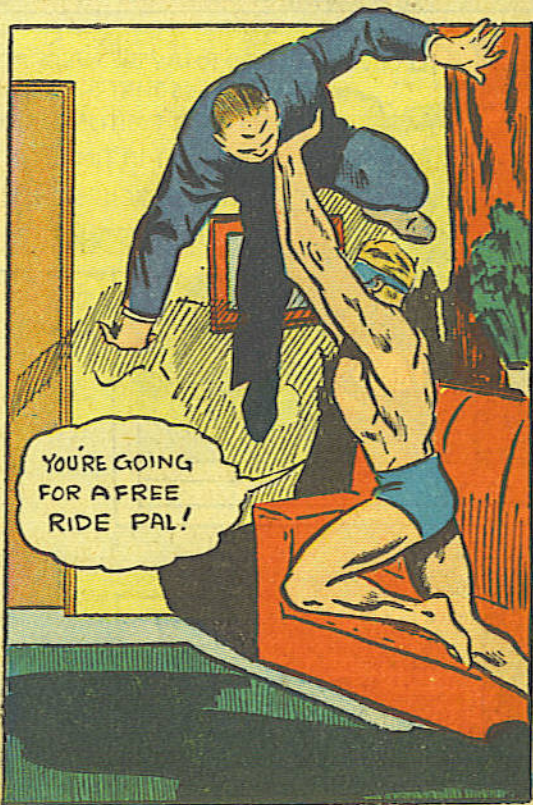
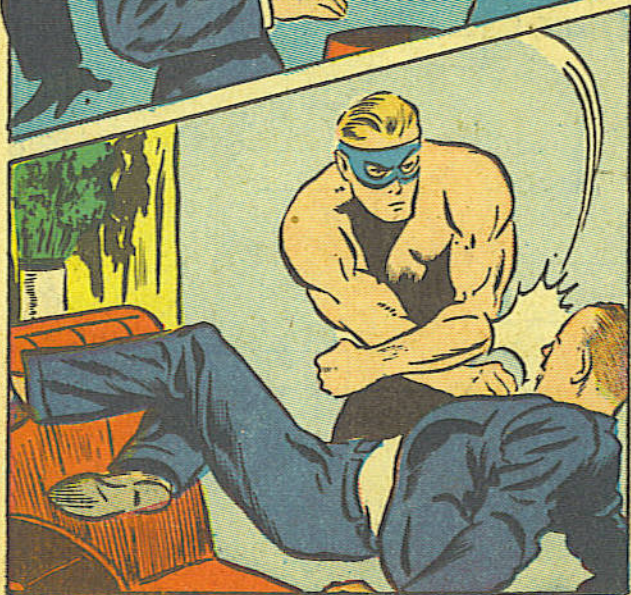
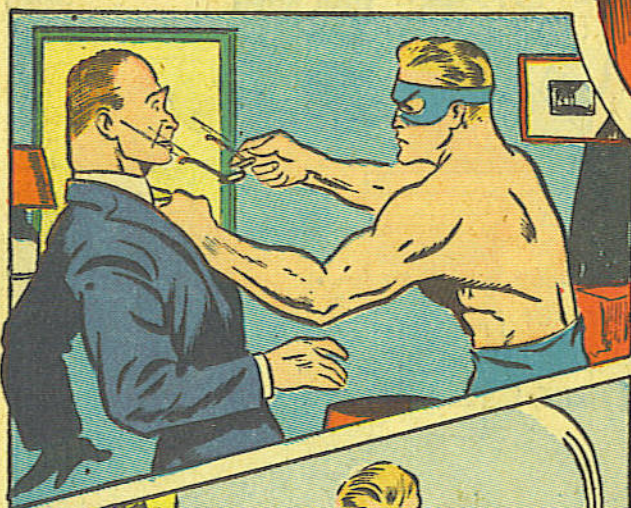
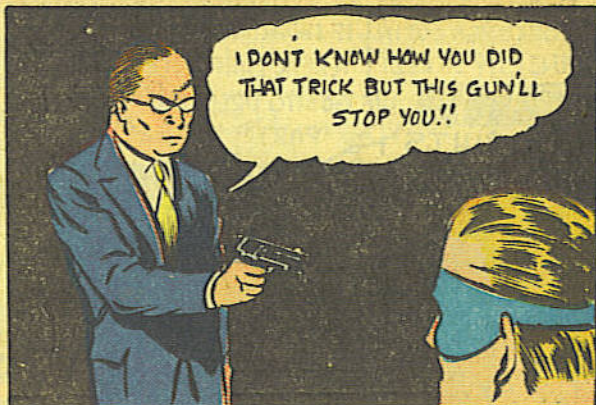
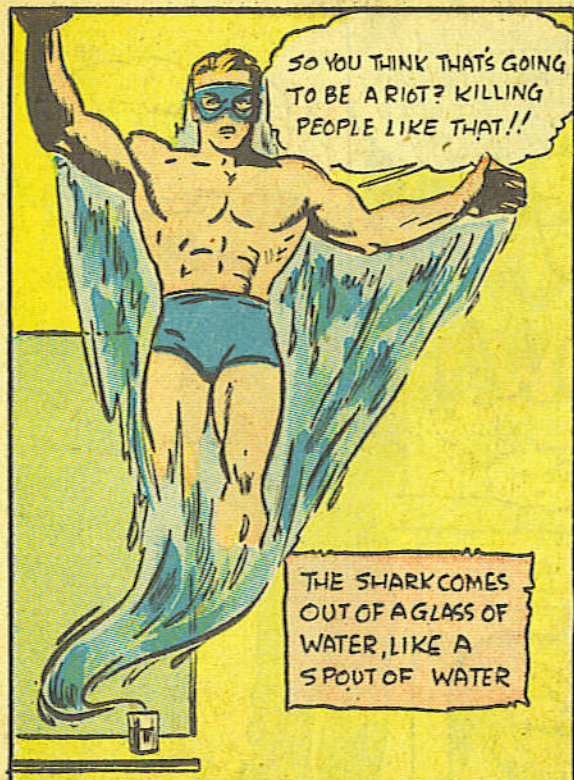
RUBBER
LIVING
PREVENTS
FURNATURE
EXPLOSION
BY SPARKING

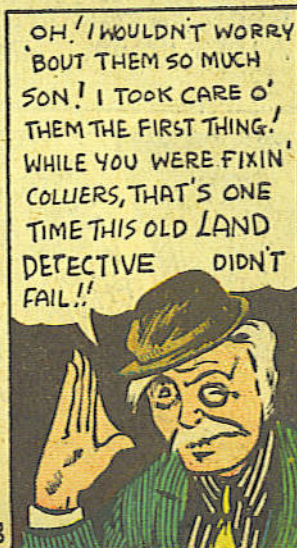
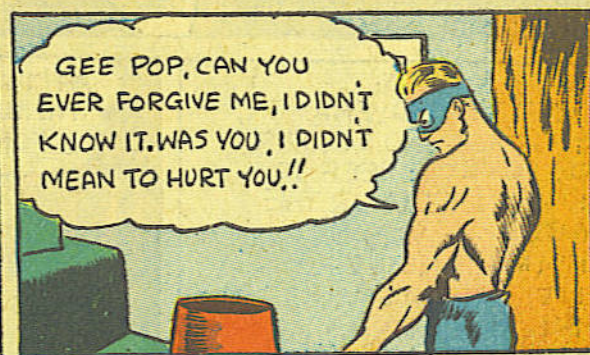
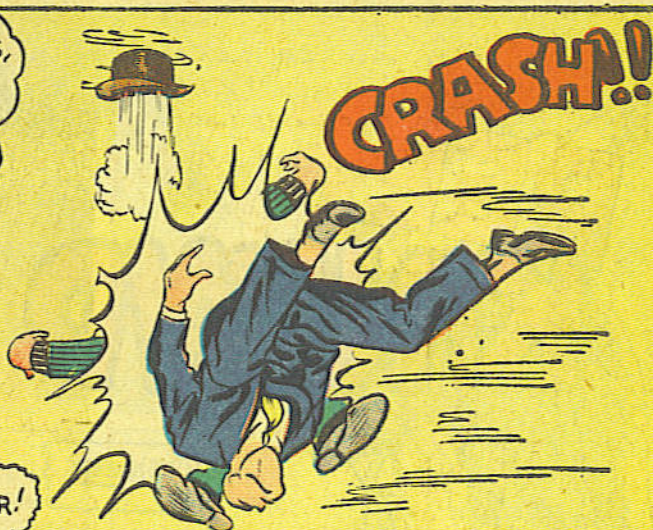
MOORING
CABLE

WEIGHT TO HOLD
MINE JUST BELOW
SURFACE OF WATER

CUBES OF
SALT

This is how the mines are laid,
Frank Colliers, international spy,
drops the mines, which are anchored
by cubes of salt, from his yacht, as
the salt dissolves, the mine ascends,
but meantime Colliers and his men
make good their escape.





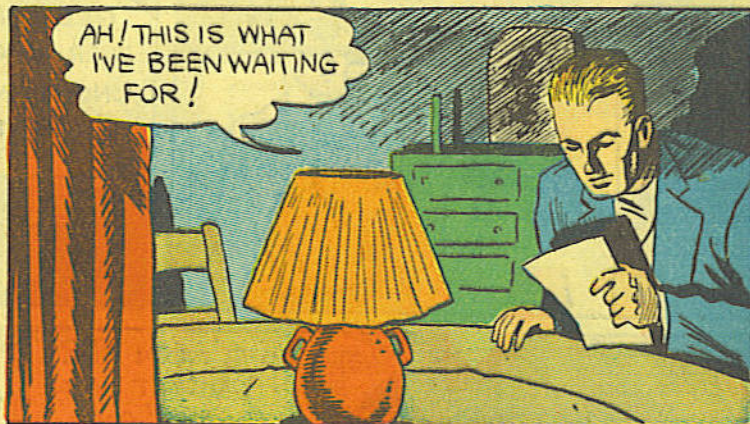
REEF KINKAID

By
BOB LUBBERS



GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER, EXPLORER, AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, REEF IS KNOWN ALL OVER THE GLOBE. WE NOW FIND HIM IN HIS HOTEL ROOM IN PIRATEZ, A SMALL TOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA. HE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM AN EXPEDITION TO A LOST INDIAN TEMPLE.

AH! THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



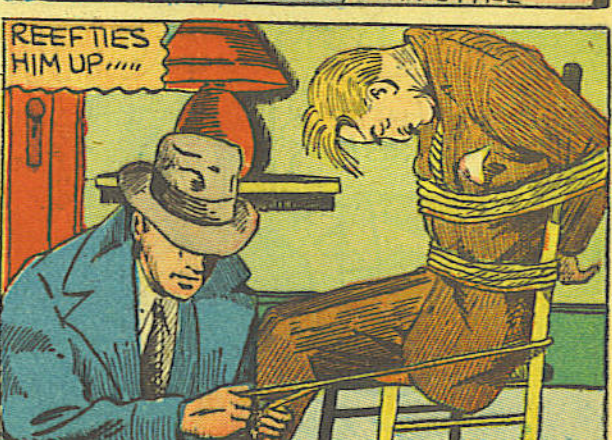
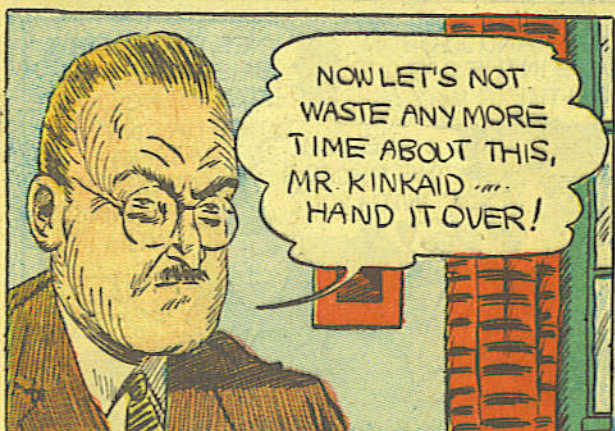
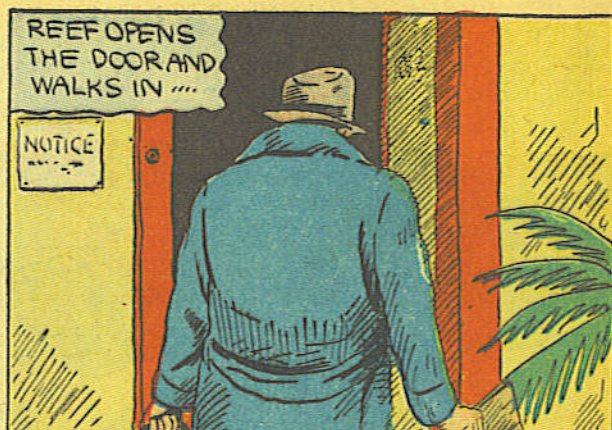
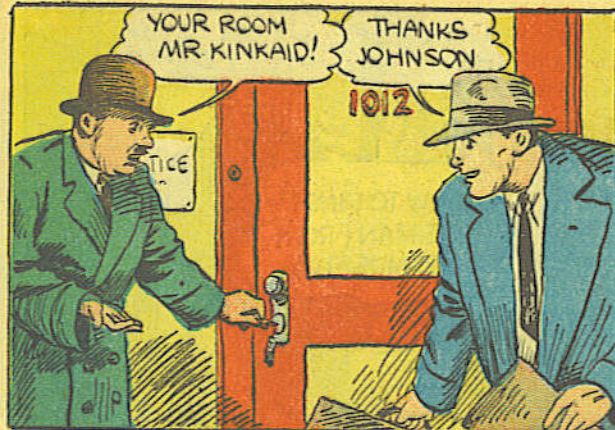
RECEIVED YOUR WIRE STOP TAKE NEXT BOAT TO N.Y. STOP REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE AT DOCK STOP BRING PHOTOS OF TEMPLE
SIGNED NEW YORK MUSEUM

REEF BOARDS A STEAMER AND IS SOON ON HIS WAY!

WITH THE MONEY I'LL GET FOR THOSE PHOTOS I'LL FINANCE ANOTHER TRIP







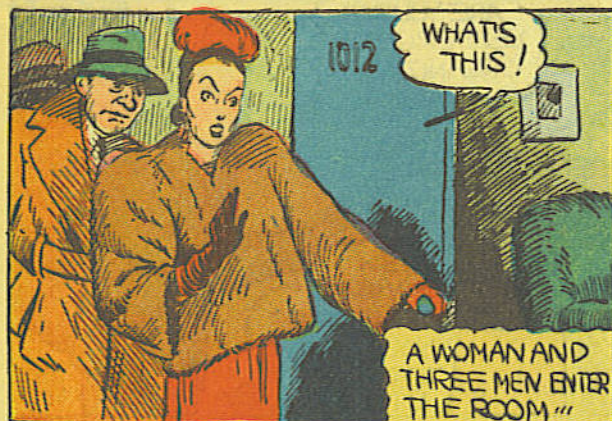


SUDDENLY THERE IS A KNOCK, SO REEF JUMPS FOR THE CLOSET

HE'S STILL OUT! HE WON'T KNOW THAT I HID IN HERE!



H-M-M-SOMEONE'S COMING INTO THE ROOM NOW!



1012

WHAT'S THIS!

A WOMAN AND THREE MEN ENTER THE ROOM



3 MINUTES LATER

BUT HILDA! I HAD THE GUN ON HIM, ONLY THEN HE THREW THE BRIEF CASE IN MY FACE! WHAT COULD I DO?

YOU FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SHOT HIM THEN!



I'M SORRY HILDA, THE NEXT TIME I'LL ACT QUICKER!

YOU HAD BETTER! IF YOU WANT TO KEEP THE JOB!



TOO BAD WE SLIPPED UP ON THOSE PICTURES OF THE LOST TEMPLE, BUT I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND!

WHAT IS IT!

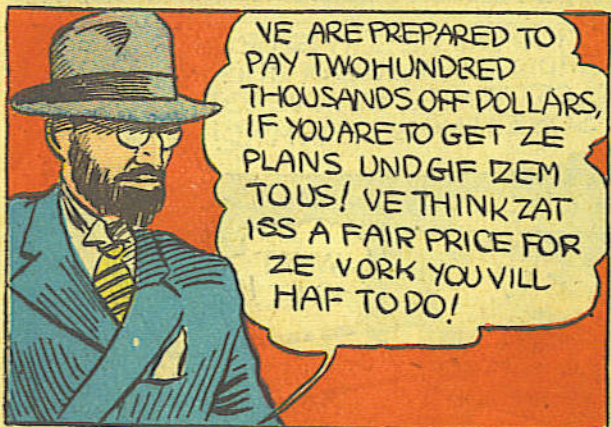
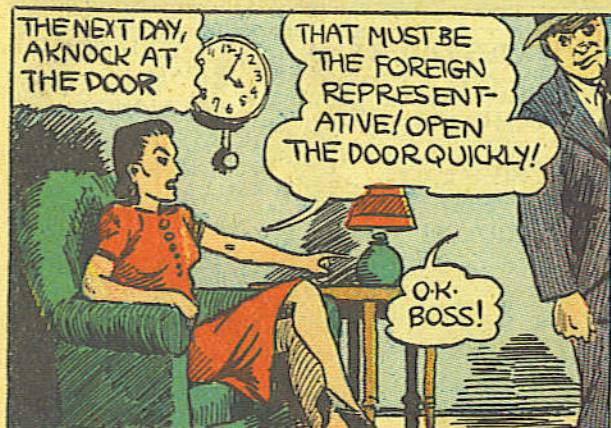


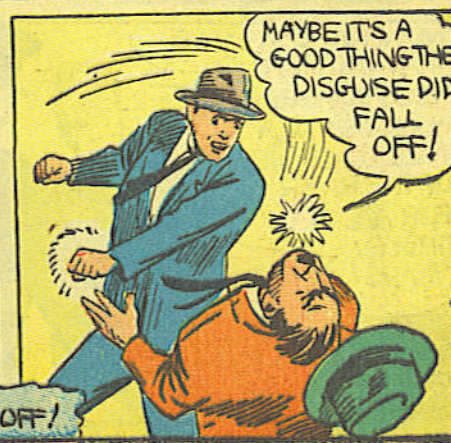
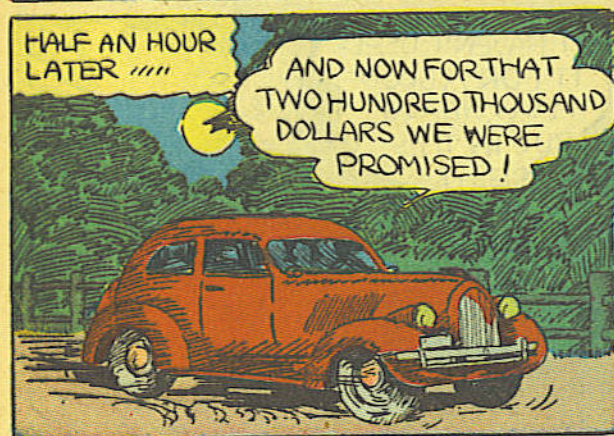
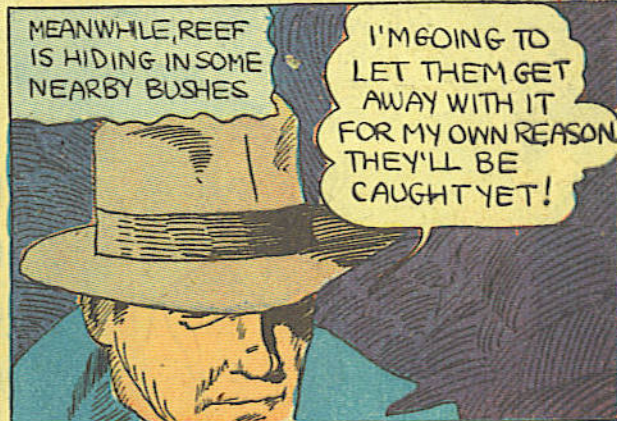
TOMORROW AN AGENT FROM A FOREIGN COUNTRY IS COMING HERE TO GIVE ME A STATEMENT ON HOW MUCH THE NEW ARMY PLANE PLANS WOULD BE WORTH! WHEN WE FINISH THIS JOB, WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A NICE, LONG VACATION! HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?

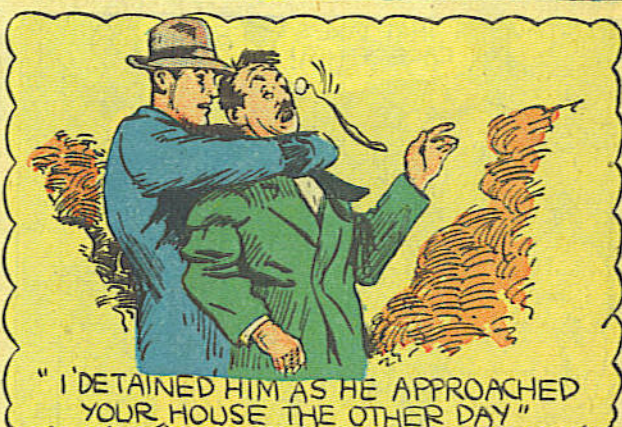
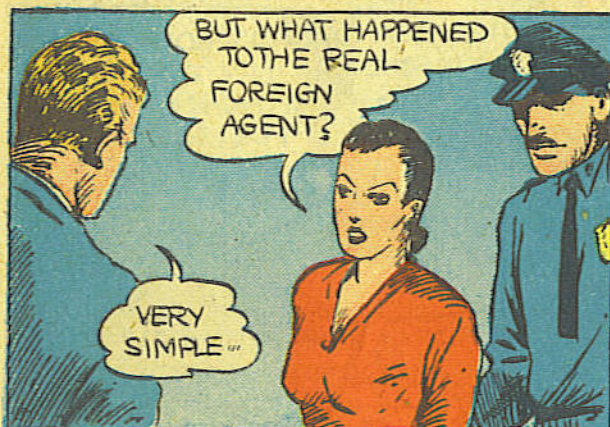
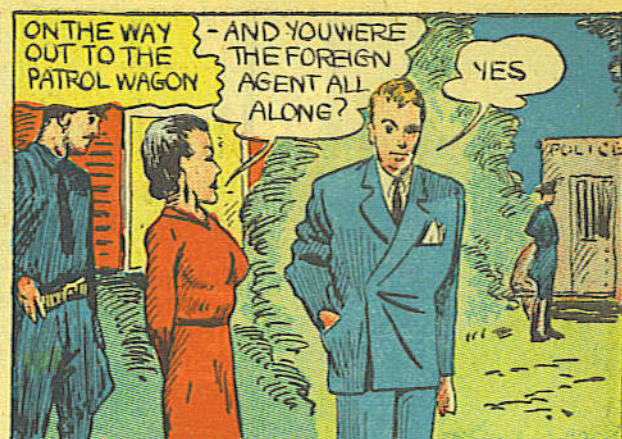
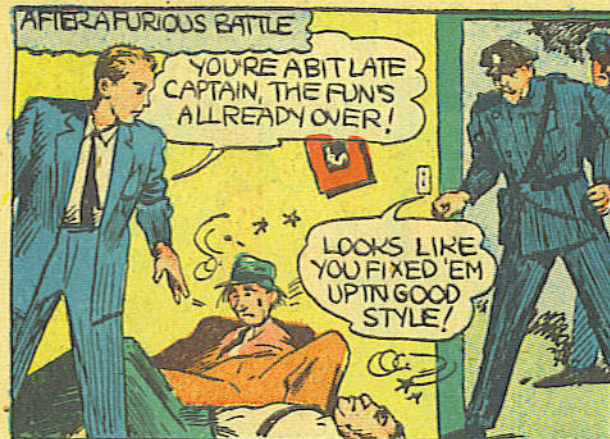


INSIDE THE CLOSET, REEF HEARS THE WHOLE CONVERSATION

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE REALLY STUMBLER ON SOMETHING BIG THIS TIME! ... SO A FOREIGN AGENT IS COMING TO VISIT THEM TOMORROW. EH! H-M-M

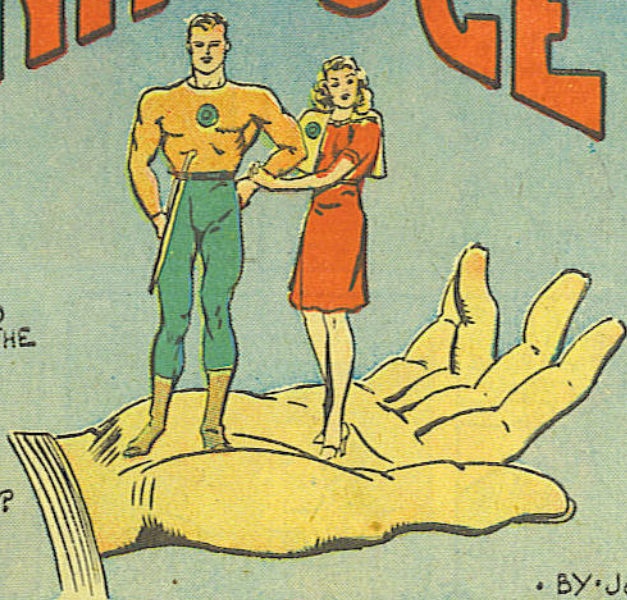




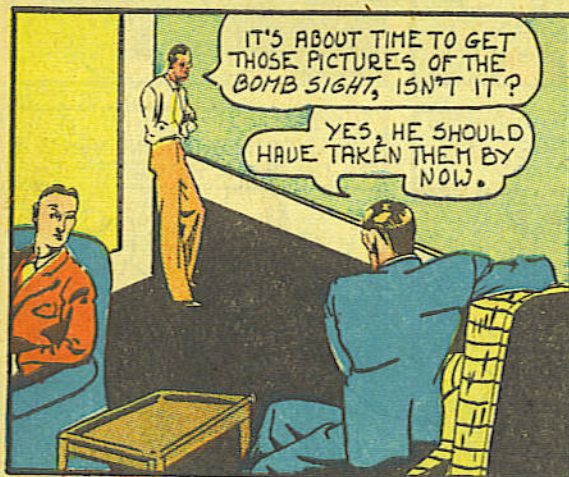


MINIMIDGET

THE HEAD, MASTER MIND OF A SPY RING, IS AFTER THE NEW BOMB SIGHT, BEING INSTALLED ON AMERICAN BOMBING PLANES. CAN MINIMIDGET STOP HIM FROM GETTING THIS VITAL INSTRUMENT OF AMERICAN BOMBERS?

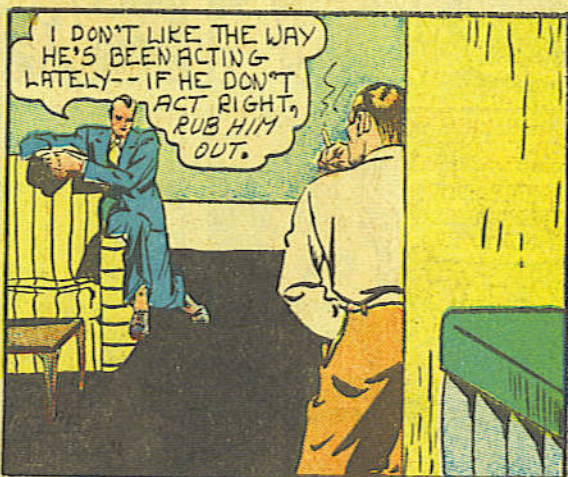


• BY • John F. Kolb •



IT'S ABOUT TIME TO GET THOSE PICTURES OF THE BOMB SIGHT, ISN'T IT?

YES, HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THEM BY NOW.



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S BEEN ACTING LATELY-- IF HE DON'T ACT RIGHT, RUB HIM OUT.



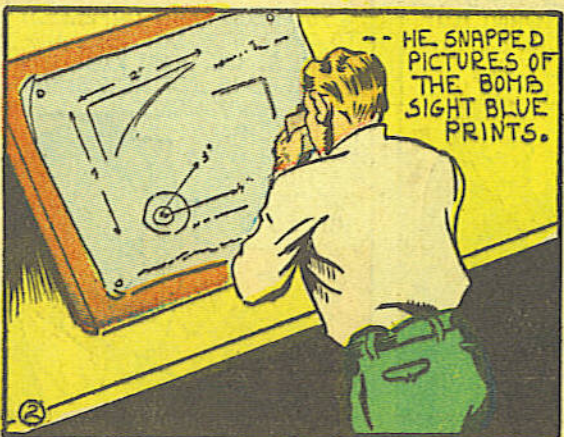
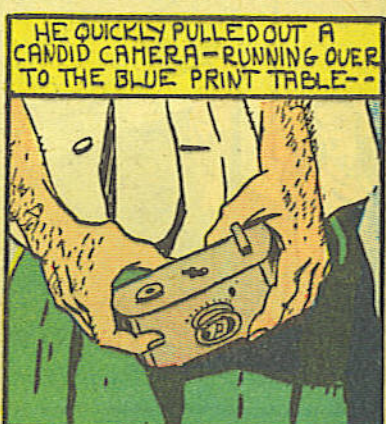
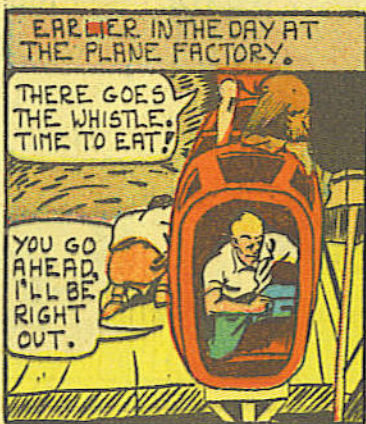
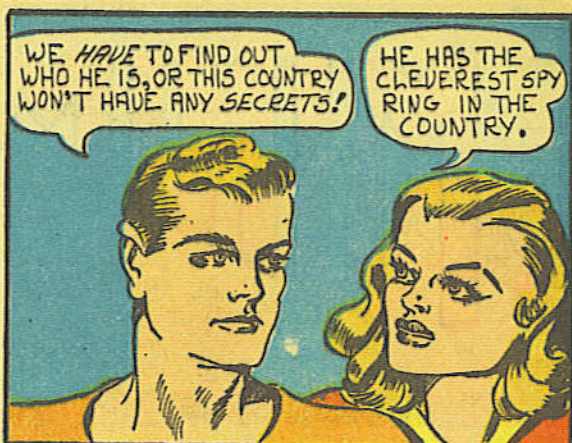
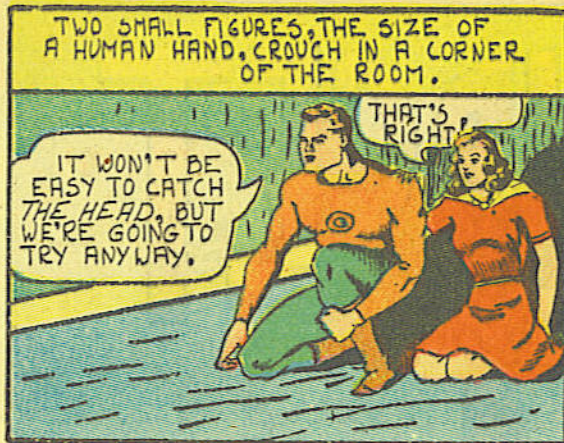
COULD I? CHEE I HAVEN'T RUBBED NOBODY OUT IN A LONG TIME!



DON'T GET ME WRONG, GATS. THE HEAD DON'T WANT ANY KILLINGS, IF IT CAN BE HELPED.



YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO CHICK FOR NOT OBEYING ORDERS. WE DON'T KNOW WHO THE HEAD IS, BUT HE'S SMART -- HE DON'T WANT TO FACE ANY MURDER RAPS -- THEY'RE NOT CATCHING HIM SO EASY!



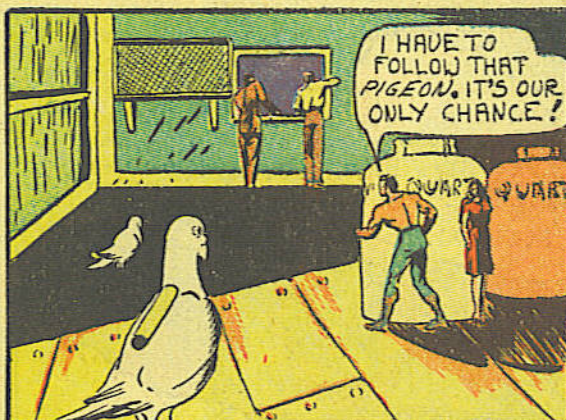
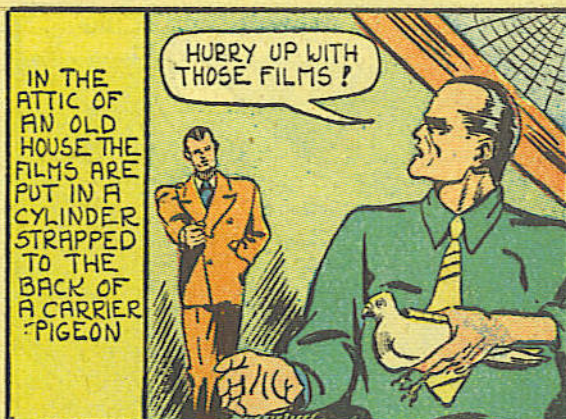
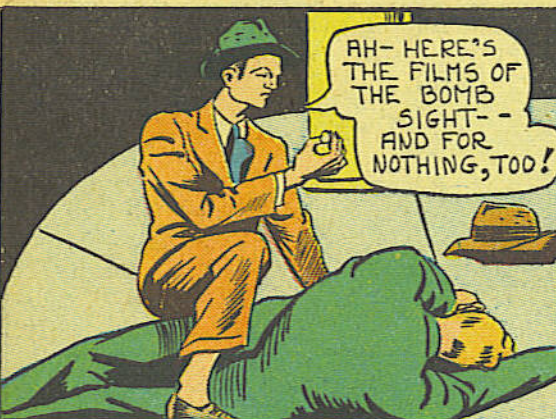
HIDING UNDER THE FRONT SEAT OF THE CAR
THE SUPER-MIDGETS LISTEN.

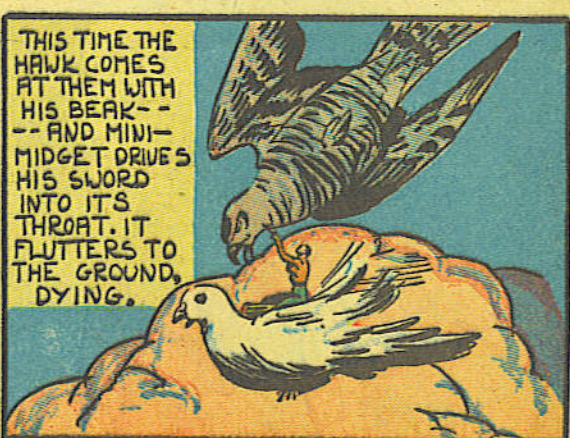
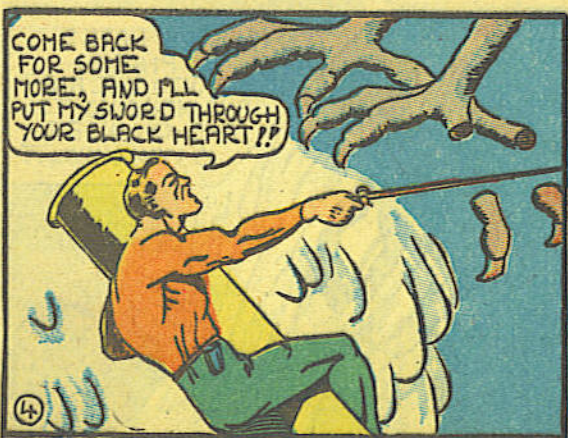
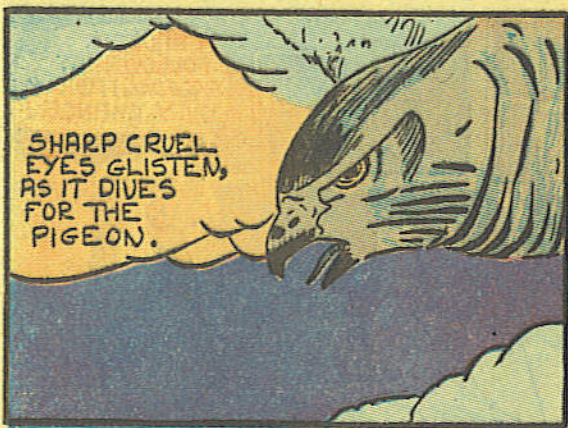
THEY'RE ARGUING OUT THERE
RITTY.
YES! ABOUT MONEY,
TOO.



THIS IS ALL THE MONEY
YOU'LL GET WISE
GUY!

--I-- OHHHH...





THE PIGEON FINALLY LANDS
IN THE COOR, AT THE HEADS
PENTHOUSE.

NOW, I'LL FIND
OUT WHO THE
HEAD IS!

TOKA, ARE
THOSE FILMS
READY YET?

YES, MASTER.
ALL DEVELOPED!

NO WONDER HE
DIDN'T WANT TO BE
KNOWN. IT'S
SENATOR HANSKI!

HERE ARE FILMS MASTER!

GOOD! HAND
THEM HERE!!

GET THE WATERMELON
--HA-HA-- I'LL PASS THESE
RIGHT BY THE FEDERAL
MEN AGAIN!

THEY NEVER THINK OF LOOKING
INSIDE A WATERMELON--
THE NUMBSKULLS!

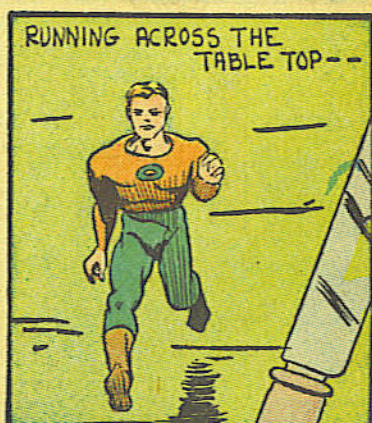
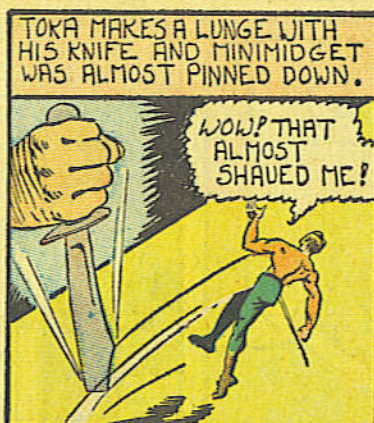
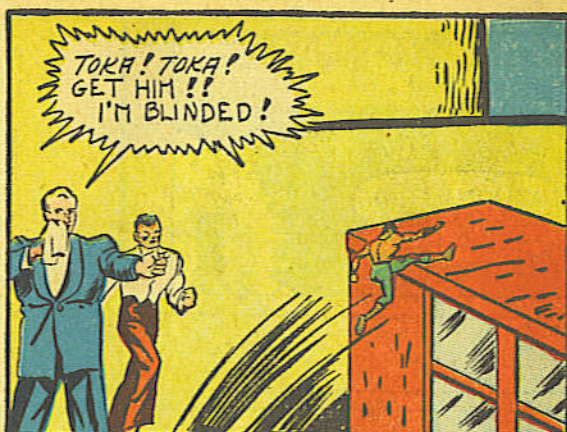
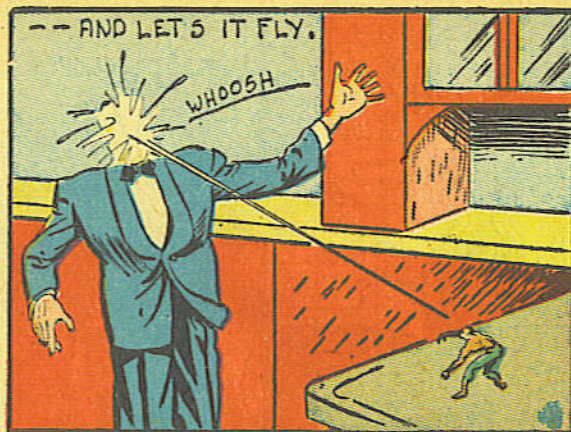
MINIMIDGET, WALKING ACROSS
THE TABLE, STEPS ON A
SPOON. IT FLIES UP IN THE
AIR AND COMES DOWN
WITH A CLATTER.

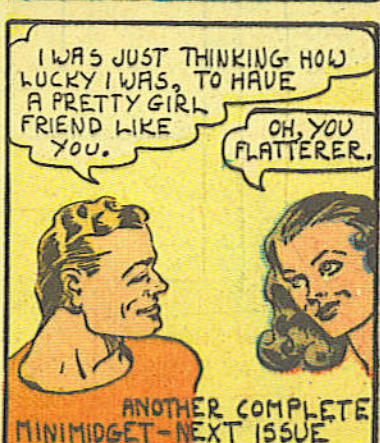
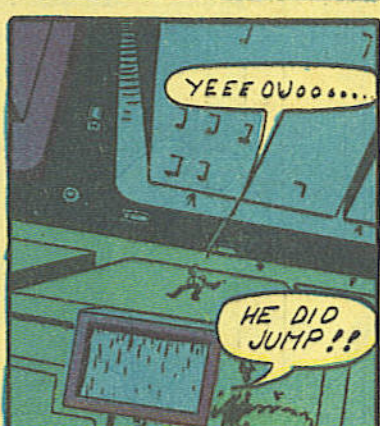
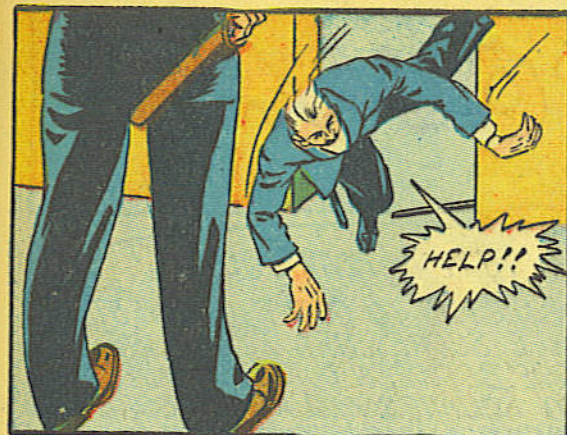
WELL I'LL BE !!
A SUPER
MIDGET!
SPYING, EH?

YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO SPY ANY MORE!

MINIMIDGET PICKS UP AN
EGG.

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!





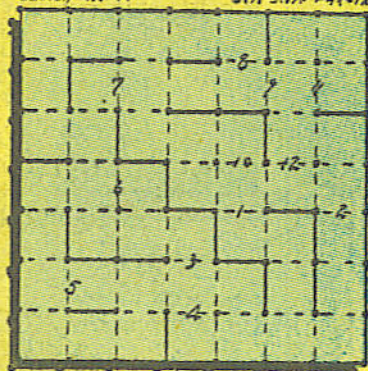
PLAY SQUARE

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

by Stephen M. Elonka

DESIGN #191

SOLO SCORE PAR 18



KEEP SCORE
LIKE THIS

HOW TO PLAY "PLAY SQUARE"

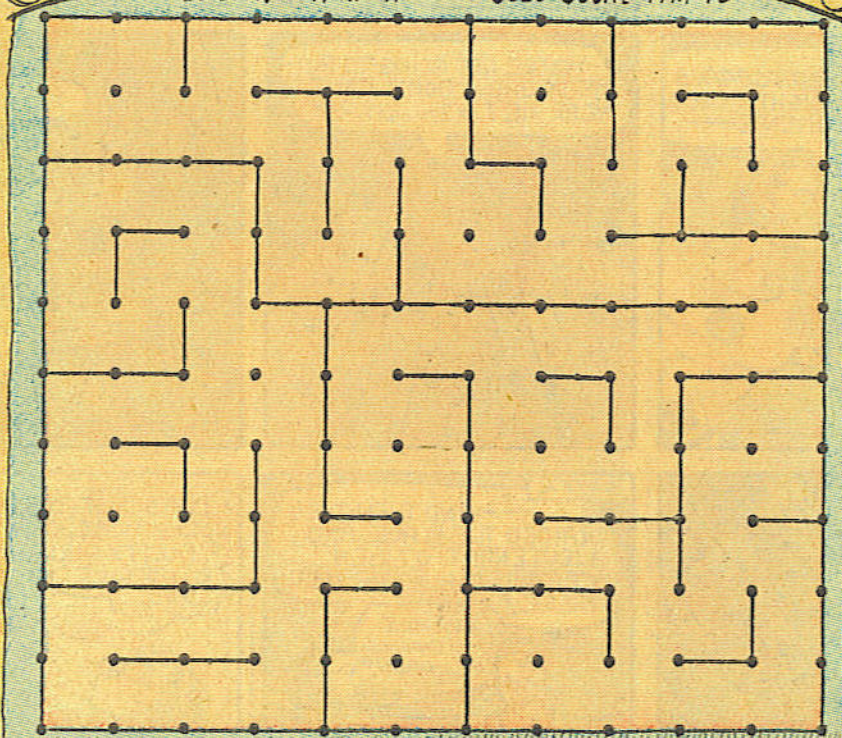
THE OBJECT IS TO GET THE LOWEST POSSIBLE SCORE. DRAW ONE LINE AT A TIME BETWEEN DOTS TO COMPLETE THE 110 SQUARES AND KEEP SCORE BY PLACING A NUMBER ON EACH LINE THAT DOES NOT COMPLETE A SQUARE. LINES THAT COMPLETE A SQUARE ARE "FREE" AND ARE NOT NUMBERED

THIS GAME CAN BE
WORKED IN 18
CAN YOU DO IT?

PS

DESIGN # A.M.-4.

SOLO SCORE PAR 18



That's
my
favorite
game!

Mine
too!

NOW SHOWING
"PLAY SQUARE"

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Stephen M. Elonka
1949